

From: Nancy Sherrill
To: Jewell
Date: 7/31/03 4:36PM
Subject: Re: Tritt Murder

Hello,

I did find a lengthy article about the gruesome murder of Rosa Tritt in the 1 Nov. 1877 Terre Haute Daily Express. The newspaper account is more graphic than the account in Beckwith's History, which I also copied. For copies send \$2.00 to the Vigo County Public Library, One Library Square, Terre Haute IN 47807. I will be on vacation for the next two weeks, so address your letter to the attention of Mary Margaret. She will mail out the copies.

Nancy Sherrill

Tritt, Ross

Great Production

The locality of the occurrence is a mile and a half on this side (southeast) of Sandford station, an eighth of a mile from the road which leads from Sandford to Terre Haute, and about half a mile south of the Indianapolis and St. Louis railway. There stood the home of Borgoyne Trill, until night before last. It was a large and well built frame house, two stories high, just at the edge of a forest of about forty acres in extent. Mr. Trill is a wealthy farmer, owning more than two hundred acres of land. He was the father of a son and two daughters. The name of the first is John; he is married and lives in a small house on the farm of his father, about a quarter of a mile from what was the home of the old people. The eldest daughter, named Emma, is married and resides in Nebraska. The youngest was Rosa Trill, a handsome girl nineteen years of age. Her beauty and her womanly attractions had led

To-day, All Saints' Day, will be observed at St. Stephen's church, by appropriate services, which will commence

Palace Organs.

1877 Terre Haute City Directory

Patrick Hickey, conductor, res. 801 Swan

no Whitehouse listed

No Sibley's saloon

Stack Bros. Michael W. & Patrick W. prop. of Exchange Hotel
1009 Chestnut.

McEvoy, C.M. asst. pastor, St. Joseph's Church res. 109 S. 5th

Geo. W. Carico was sheriff of Vigo County - lived at jail 129 S. 3rd.

John Cleary was deputy sheriff, res. 36 N. 11th

National House s.e. corner 6th & Main.

his mother--Mrs. Emma Yates 512 S. 8th

The Mattox Tragedy

Adam C. Mattox, cooper res. 454 N. 7th

A.B. Carlton (Carlton & Lamb) 331 N. 6th

David S. Sammis, agt. Mfg. Co. 323 N. 6th

Dr. L.J. Willien, ofc. & res. 635 Cherry

Dr. John E. Link, ofc. & res. 705 Ohio

Dr. John D. Mitchell, 23½ S. 6th, res. 633 Eagle

HONEST WHITEHOUSE,



The Modern Dick Turpin.

TERRE HAUTE, IND.:
REEL & MURPHY, PUBLISHERS.

1877.

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with the Librarian at Washington, D. C.

Bevington

ERNEST WHITEHOUSE;

THE

Modern Dick Turpin.

*A Sketch of his Life, the Shooting of Deputy Sheriff
John Cleary, the Flight, Pursuit, and
Escape into the Embarrass Swamps,
with Romantic Sketches con-
nected with the Young
Desperado.*

TERRE HAUTE, IND.:
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CHAPTER I.

IN THE WILDS--THE BLACK CAVE.

IT was on the banks of the thickly wooded Embarrass river, the Dismal swamp of Illinois, on a quiet evening in June, the year 1877, that a solitary figure stood looking down into the tangled roots and fallen leaves, about which the dark water rippled with a peculiar and strangely mournful sound.

Evidently the young man whose figure was so clearly outlined against the background of trees, was by no means entirely at his ease, as he listened, with his head well up in the air, as an animal hears the approach of its pursuers. There was an intense, anxious expression upon his face, which, together with his whole bearing, showed him as one hunted—hunted in a double sense, for remorse is a worse pursuer than man. Still his look of determination showed that he would not be an easy customer to deal with, desperate as he was. He stood in this position for some time, as if debating with himself what course to pursue; then he crept slowly down the bank, swinging himself along by roots and branches, until his feet touched the water. Again he stopped and listened, and as he stands there let us describe him: A young man he certainly is, not more than twenty, almost a boy, indeed. Dark eyes, dark hair, slight figure, completed the *tout ensemble*, and the addition of two revolvers, the handles of which protruded from the inside pockets of his coat, gave him a desperate appearance which was in perfect keeping with the savage look in his eyes.

"If I can give them the slip for to-day, they'll lose my track, and if they once give up the chase, leaving me still among these hills and valleys, I have no fears about my escape," he said to himself as he swung himself down until he found a secure footing on a huge stone which lay between the water and the bank.

Just then the heavy sound of a horse's hoofs came down to him, muffled by the overhanging branches, and the ring of voices was heard.

"He went this way I'm sure," cried one of the pursuers.

"Then he's about here somewhere, and we'll have him soon," chorused one or two others.

"I shot at him in the field above, but my horse wouldn't jump the fence, and so I lost him," said another, and the fugitive recognized the voice of Detective Gibson, who but a few minutes before had fired at him four or five times as he came out along the "deadenings."

The young man shrank closer to the bank, and slimy and cold as it was, fairly forced his body into the yielding substance. He would have hid himself from sight there and from the harrassing chase forever if he could.

"Let's shoot down in those bushes and see if he's there," cried some one above, and the bullet came rattling down the bank within an inch or two of his head.

He drew out his pistol, and prepared to return the fire, but that one shot seemed to satisfy the party, and he was too wary to fire, for that would betray his hiding place.

Again all was quiet, the noise of voices and the tramp of horses feet died away in the distance, and the fugitive, cold, shivering and utterly worn out, began climbing up the steep wet bank, as he had let himself down, aiding his ascent by the vines which clustered about the roots and branches.

About half way up the supports by which he clutched suddenly gave way. He grasped, rolled a little way, and uttered an exclamation of surprise. In his partial fall he had torn away the vines which had hitherto concealed a large hole.

He dropped his head and shoulders into the opening, and found it large enough to admit his whole body, and in an instant he was inside and had covered up the orifice with vines which he drew back to their old position. He was safe, there, as long as hunger should not force him out, and with a laugh at his good fortune, he lighted a match, scratching it upon his sleeve, in order to explore the depths of his new habitation. By this means, and his eyes becoming accustomed to the darkness, the owlsh faculty came to his aid, he was able by the flashes of his matches, to discover what lay before him. Darkness is terrible only until one is in it. The powers of the storm are terrible only at a distance; when it is upon one, there is nothing terrible in its gloom. He saw that his cave was about six feet from floor to roof, dry and nice as a parlor, and kept cool by a stream of water which trickled through running along its side. The passage was straight for nearly fifty feet, and then turned to the right for about forty feet more, again making a sudden "jog" to the left where, it ran straight until a solid wall rose up. Against this, in the darkness, the young man ran with a violence which threw him upon his back on the floor of the cave. At once he felt himself sinking down, down, it seemed millions of miles, but at last he stopped. He lay quite still for an instant, not daring to move, but at last with an effort turned over, and as he did so, felt himself thrown to one side, and he lay upon a solid substance. Striking a match he glanced about him, and found himself in a square walled room eight by ten, furnished very neatly, and with a table in the center upon which sat a rude lamp. He at once proceeded to light this, and look about his new found home. His first desire was to find out how he came there, and for some time was puzzled to do so, but at last a thought struck him. He had heard of spring traps. This was the way he had come down.

He had ran against the wall and in his fall had touched the spring, and at the bottom when he rolled over, the natural action of the trap had thrown him off, and he was

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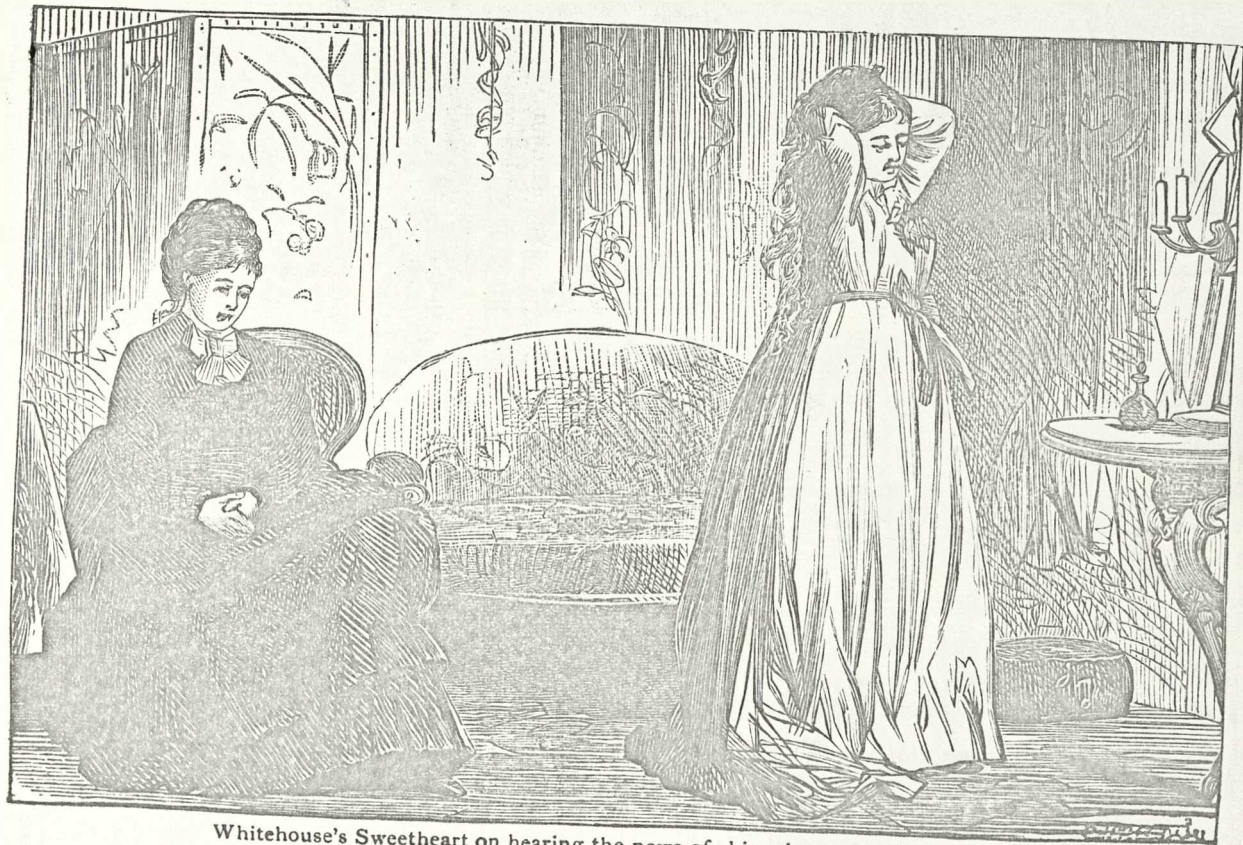
now in an apartment that had been used before. A glance showed him a door at one side which led from the room, where he knew not. He hastily opened it and looked into—utter darkness. He took the lamp and explored cautiously. He found a plain board apartment, with a staircase winding about the center which led down into gloom. He descended it and at the base found himself once more above the river. But this entrance to his hiding place was also hid by vines, and he ascended, certain that by chance he had fallen upon an old haunt of the desperadoes which had at one time infested that part of the country. Now he was safe if he had food for the time. He was hungry, and must soon eat or lose his strength. He was already very weak. He determined to go out at once. He pulled an iron rod, which he saw connected with the trap, and in a moment was on the square board. Then touching a spring it ascended slowly placing him once again in the passage way which he had left so suddenly when he first accidentally touched the spring.

He left the cave, and was soon in the fields, and reached the nearest farm house. It was the work of a moment to open the door of the "spring house," secure cornbread, milk and a small jar of butter. But just as he left the little house, he heard voices: "We might as well give him up for to-night," said one, and he was sure he recognized the tones. His mind was made up. With the eatables secured about him, he ran to the hayloft, sprang up the ladder and lay down, devouring a piece of the bread hastily. He was no sooner there than he heard the party dismount.

"We won't wake the farmer," said one. "We'll just go right up into the haymow and take a sleep there. Come on Fisk, Miller, Gibson."

And the young man in the loft, looking cautiously over the log door, saw them at the foot of the ladder which led up to the place where he lay concealed.

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Whitehouse's Sweetheart on hearing the news of his crime. See Chapter 2.

CHAPTER II.

A BRAVE OFFICER---AND A FEARFUL CRIME.

The city of Terre Haute, was thrown into a wonderful commotion, on the evening of Friday, June 8th, John Cleary, deputy sheriff, had been shot down in the street at nine o'clock in the evening. The crime was a strange one, sudden and to a great extent overhung with mystery until some time afterward. The officer had a prisoner, young Ernest Whitehouse, in charge, and had him under arrest for some hours. He, in company with Chief of Police Stack, met Whitehouse, and as he passed him on Sixth street, at the National Hotel, called to him that he wanted to see him. The young man at once obeyed the summons, and turned. The officers at once took him under arrest, telling him that he must go with them to the station house. Once there he openly accused him of burglarizing the store of Patrick Hickey on Poplar street.

"Whitehouse," said Cleary, "you know you did it. Confess and it will be easier with you."

"I'll tell you the truth," said Whitehouse, after an apparent mental struggle, "I did steal the money, but I don't want to go up for it."

Cleary considered an instant. "Well, Whitehouse, I'll tell you, if you will return the money, we'll let you go."

"Agreed," said Whitehouse.

And the three in company set off together to find Hickey, the man from whom the money had been stolen. He was easily won over to the arrangement, and Cleary and Hickey went with the young thief to get the stolen money. Proceeding directly to his home on Eighth street, he took up a board from the floor of the wood house and handed ten dollars and a half

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CHAPTER III.

FLIGHT AND A HOT PURSUIT.

When the quiet of that Sabbath morning dawned upon the world, it found the criminal lying among the thick undergrowth of the Wabash.

His slumbers were uneasy, and the face showed a nervousness which, perhaps it never manifested in waking hours. He started as the first faint ray of light came through the foliage. He awoke, sat up and looked about. For a moment he could hardly realize his situation, and when the full sense of being a hunted fugitive came upon him, it was with a cry of agony that he threw himself with his face upon the earth. He had been a thief, and felt no shame. Now he was a murderer hunted for his life. The terrible force of the truth almost stunned him, as it flashed fully upon him in this waking hour, just after his first hours of sleep which he had been able to take since his crime.

He again rose and left his place of concealment. Leaving the river he turned into the road, and went on toward the south, as nearly as he could distinguish judging by the sun. For three or four miles no farm house or other sign of human habitation was seen. By and by, he came to a small opening in the forest, and the grateful sight of the little cabin, the smoke curling slowly above the plain roof, gave him a start of fear. Any other human creature would have felt a joy to come among his fellow creatures again after the dreadful solitude of a night among the swamps. But guilt, and hate

traced themselves in every fiber of this young desperado's heart, and reflected themselves in his face. Remorse had pursued him thus far, but desperation now took its place. He arranged his weapons, walked boldly up to the door, and knocked.

"Come in; come in," heartily urged the farmer who opened the hospitable door.

The fugitive entered the little room in which the family sat at breakfast, and although he was almost famished, he first looked carefully about before he complied with the hearty invitation to "sit down and help himself." Even the good farmer's willingness to receive him into the house seemed to his guilty consciousness, insincerity, and as he sat down to the table, he drew his revolver from his pocket and laid it in his lap.

The farmer noticed the action. "What are you doing with that pistol, young man?" He inquired sternly.

"Best thing you can do, old man," said Whitehouse, "is to sit still and eat your breakfast, and be sure you sit still long enough afterward to digest it."

He took up the pistol in his right hand, and pointed it at the farmer as he spoke. The farmer saw it would be folly to resist then, and he sat down again.

Eating with his left hand, and very hastily he soon satisfied his hunger, and left the house, backing out, retreating through the doorway with a low ironical bow. He ran along the road a short distance, turned into the field, and was lost to sight.

The farmer gave the alarm, and the whole neighborhood rang with the news. It reached York, late in the afternoon, and a little party armed with shot guns started up the road to intercept him. And this would, undoubtedly have resulted in his capture, but for one man named Ayer who set off alone and unarmed ahead of the posse.

Whitehouse crossed the fields until he got out of sight of the house where he breakfasted. Like a wily fox, almost run down, he doubled, turned back, ran north a few miles,



then turned to the south, and directed his course through the woods until he came out upon a road, and not more than fifty yards from a long, low white frame house. The confused hum of voices came in his ears, and he was tempted for a moment to return to cover. But curiosity got the better of him; he crept up towards the house, and peeped in the window.

It was Sabbath School.

Something like a mist came before his eyes as he gazed. Recollections of a time when he was not hardened, came over him.

Actuated by some sudden impulse, he entered, and sat down. No one there had heard of the crime, and would not have recognized him at all events. The superintendent came around and asked him if he would join the Bible class.

"Yes sir," he replied, "I am from Vincennes going through to Terre Haute by horse, and I stopped here partly to see your school and also to inquire the way which it seems, I have missed."

As it happened the teacher of the Bible class was not there that day, and the members of the class invited Whitehouse, when he was taken forward by the superintendent, to teach for that afternoon. He did so, and they listened attentively to his words. He listened too, but with a heart beating lest he should hear the dread sounds of pursuit. But the lesson was finished quietly, and the superintendent invited the newly found teacher home with him; he declined saying that he had left his horse in a stable just below, and he went down the road.

He was nearing York. He had gone scarcely more than two miles, when he saw a man riding toward him. His first impulse was to spring over the fence but on second thought he determined to assume a bold front.

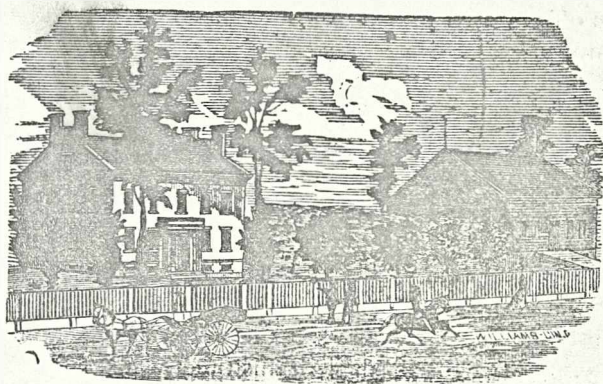
The man came on looking from side to side, and calling "Suke, cow!" "Suke cow!" He came up, and the horseman was beside the fugitive.

to the officer, at the same time telling him that he had an accomplice whom he would "give away," who had the balance of the money. Hickey went back to his store, where Hickey told Stack that Cleary had gone with Whitehouse to find the other party, proceeding up Seventh street. Stack at once set out after them, but on the way was unable to find them, and so went directly to the station house to wait their coming. In the meanwhile, the deputy and his prisoner had gone up Seventh street, west on Ohio to Fifth. While crossing Sixth Whitehouse asked Cleary to smoke, offering some cigars, which he had taken while at his mother's house getting the money. Cleary declined. All this time he had been revolving in his mind the idea of enticing Whitehouse to some light place where he could disarm him, as he felt almost sure he had a pistol. When they arrived at the corner of the street, Cleary asked his prisoner to step down to Sibley's saloon, and take a cigar. Instantly he saw his mistake. Before the thought had flashed through his mind, fairly, the young desperado exclaimed, "G—d d—n you, you refused to take a cigar from me, and now you want me to go to a saloon to take a cigar with you. You are lying to me!"

As he said this, he threw his left hand back, drew his revolver from his hip pocket, and fired twice, the first shot taking effect in the stomach, the second in the shoulder. The young villain turned and ran with a crowd at his heels, endeavoring to overtake him. He dashed into an alley, turning south from Ohio street, and firing at his pursuers, sprang away into the darkness. The wounded man was given absolution by the good Father McEvoy, and was taken home, his death momentarily expected.

The police were at once notified, the bridges were guarded, the outside towns telegraphed, and every precaution taken to insure arrest,

But for all this he escaped. He went at once to his mother's house, took another pistol, and a box of cartridges, and was gone around the corner of the house just as three



Whitehouse Stealing a Young Lady's Horse near Redmon. See Chapter 4.

policemen came in to see if he was at home. This was one theory of his escape; another was that he left the house disguised as a girl, just as the officers came in. A few days after the crime his mother smilingly remarked to a friend, that it would be strange indeed if that "young lady" who left the house that night was Ernest Whitehouse. It was also thought for a time that he was staying about the city dressed in girls' clothing, which had been furnished him by his mother and sweetheart, the latter a young lady of respectability, holding a high position in the public schools, who was almost crazed with grief upon hearing of his crime. The Council was called together the night of the murder and offered a reward of \$200, which action was fully endorsed by the county commissioners, who upon the following day offered a reward of \$300, to which Sheriff Carico added \$100 from his own private pocket. And this was the reward set upon the head of young Whitehouse who had once been one of the most quiet, industrious boys in the city, but who at the time of this crime is twenty years old, and an adept in crime. He seems to have breathed it from childhood. He distinguished himself by various thefts even when he was quite a youth, and was an accomplished thief at the age of sixteen. Being employed about three years since as a bell

boy at the National House, he stole a large amount of money from a commercial traveler, and left the city. A short time after he came back, the affair having blown over, he engaged in several housebreakings, for which the police sought him a long time, he avoiding them. He was finally arrested by Officer Mason, then doing duty at the union depot. Shortly after his arrest, he being taken out of the cells one evening to be interviewed by a newspaper man, he gave the turnkey the slip, shook off the deputy who had hold of him, and leaping the gate ran like a deer. He made good his escape then, but was afterwards captured and taken to Jeffersonville, where he served out the two years, sentence passed upon him. He returned sometime in February last, and took up his residence here again. Last winter he was among the converts of the Hammond meetings, putting on a serious face, and assuming an entire conversion. It is said that he endeavored a short time ago to obtain work here, and also in St. Louis, failing in the attempt. The crime for which he was arrested was probably the first since his return.

He was the first bootblack in Terre Haute. He began in that business six years since. He afterwards worked as train boy on the Vandalia, and afterwards in hotels.

His whole life after he became fifteen was devoted to crime.

And this young Jack Sheppard, whose daring deviltry so predominated when he was four years old that he often ran into the middle of the street to stop running horses, was the youth who left Terre Haute on that fatal Friday night, with a price set upon his head and pursued by the law, and by many members of the outraged community. The pursuers sought the river, and he was not far before them. Hearing the sounds of the chase he left the stream, ran up into the street, and where the roads branch at the very outskirts of the city he met a man and boy who were returning from a fishing excursion, and talked to them for some time, then bidding them good bye started out the railway track, which course he pursued a short distance, then turned again to the river, running like a deer.

A heavy storm came up. The black clouds rolled up jagged and fearful, and the warring in the heavens, frightful enough to any man was doubly so to the flying criminal. Large drops of rain began to fall. The first drops came upon his shoulders, and he started as if a detaining hand was laid upon him. He began to run, and went on in a wild aimless way until he was exhausted. Still he dashed on. Sometimes up, again down, as his feet slipped upon the wet road, but ever hurrying on from the dreadful vision of the haunting eyes, and staggering form of his victim, which seemed ever pursuing him, and when it seemed about to lay a gaunt hand upon his shoulder, he uttered a yell horrible to hear, and bounded on into the darkness.

Whaling, and they passed him without apparent recognition. They went on a few rods turned, and Whaling took the train for Marshall, to give the alarm while Stewart came back with the buckboard. The pursuit after Whitehouse passed through Marshall safely, became hot. The whole town turned out. Terre Haute police officers joined in the search. Paris turned out her men. Even her big whiskered, pants in boots, loud talking Sutherland came down to take a hand. The fugitive was surrounded a dozen times. He was seen ever so many times, but when the circle closed in the weak place in the net had broken, and he was gone. He went on toward Paris. On his way, he met an old granger, who was riding. Whitehouse had abandoned his horse in the pursuit, and was walking. Putting up his pistol he remarked, "Old man, I want that horse." "Take it my dear boy, take it, God bless you," remarked the farmer as he slid down from the saddle. "I have no farther use for it." And away thundered Dick Turpin junior, just as his pursuers came in sight. He was met however by a party of men coming down. He let down the fence, and with his horse escaped into the dense undergrowth in the midst of the timber known as Young's Grove. The search went on about him, but fortune favored him as he hid himself and his animal in the branches of some fallen trees. When the hunters were certain that they had been mistaken he left his cover, and turned again into the road, and was next heard from at Christman, where the telegraph operator noticed his curious actions and followed him south, a short distance into the woods, keeping well his distance. The fugitive must have been very tired, for when the operator came up to him he found him under a tree fast asleep, but even in this state the operator seemed to think him an unequal match, and retreated giving the alarm at the town. Several citizens got out, and began the hunt after him, but when they reached the spot where he had been lying, he was there no longer. This was on Tuesday in the forenoon and he made south across the country,

CHAPTER IV.

CAIN FLYING FROM VENGEANCE.

The sound of pursuit died out as soon as he had crossed the bayou, and the night coming on he was safe for the time. He ran a short distance, then turned into the fields, crossed them, and came upon a large barn a hundred yards from a farm house. He crept into this, lay down in the hay, and fell asleep.

It was broad day light when he was awakened by a vigorous shaking. The farmer's sons coming down to feed the stock, found him lying asleep, and knowing nothing about him awoke him. He got up rubbing his eyes, and told them that he was going from Marshall to Vincennes, and not wishing to disturb them lay down in the hay. They gave him breakfast, pointed out the way which led to his destination, and bade him good-bye. They were surprised to see him turn in the direction of Marshall, but he was out of sight before they could speak to him.

His traveling northward was very rapid. He ran a great deal, but never walked slowly. He kept a straight course for a few miles than again fear came, and he turned on his track. Going back a few miles he stole a large horse from the stable of a named, and proceeded north again. By chance, he fell into the Marshall road and held it. A few miles up, he met Frank Stewart and Charles

keeping well to the timbered land, until he struck the Midland road east of Redmon. He crossed the track, leisurely passed into the woods, and maintained his course toward the south for some distance. Then as if bewildered, or with the instincts of the fox, he doubled upon his track, recrossing the Midland at Redmon, going north. After leaving Christman he had secured a horse, and as he went up the road he saw a fresh animal tied to the fence by the roadside, the property of a doctor, whose daughter had ridden the animal to visit some friends. He turned his own horse into the barn yard and began untying her's.

"Let my horse alone," cried out the young lady, as she saw him from the house.

"I have left you a better one in the stable," he replied as he leaped into the side-saddle, and rode away at a lively rate of speed. He went north again some distance, and got into a lane which terminated in a barn yard. Here the Christman party came up with him, and a constable was directly in front of him, his cocked pistol in his hand barring his egress. Whitehouse came rapidly down the lane. "Open the way and let me out," he cried, as he came down, and the Christman constable mounted the fence and let him have plenty of room.

He was then lost sight of for a time, but gradually worked south until he was between the two railroads, and then his course was directed for the Ambarrass forest and undergrowth, almost as thick as furze, enough to baffle the most experienced searchers. The officers got wind of his whereabouts, and the "Ambraw" country was soon full of men armed to the teeth, and determined to get him if they could. Farmers left their plows, boys put their old guns on their shoulders, old men picked up their Queen Anne's muskets, and began to scour the country. They hunted in all directions, and at last the chase began to grow romantic and exciting as they neared him. Tuesday night about one o'clock, J. E. Howell and

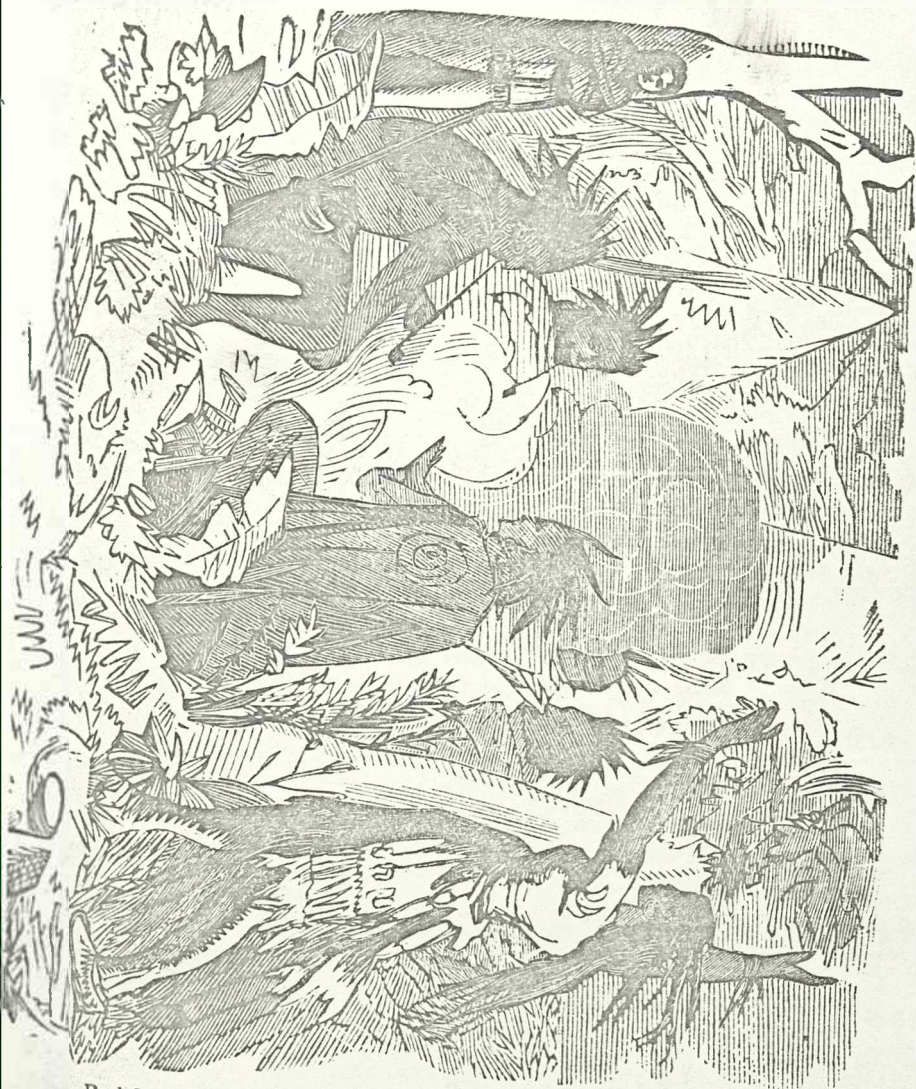
Joseph Galbraith were lying in the weeds behind the barn just above the river on the Galbraith farm expecting to see him come. Their expectations were fulfilled, for he came up put his foot upon the fence and was about to get over, when Howard turned partially, the movement attracting his attention. He backed off to a tree, and retreated into the bottoms again. Galbraith and Howell firing four shots at him as he ran. On Wednesday morning, Gibson, who was scouring the timber, caught up with him, and coming across the field, met him but a few paces off, as he came running along the edge of a deadening, twirling the chamber of his revolver. He presently saw Gibson and shouted to him:

"Gibson, I don't want to hurt you, but stand back or I'll shoot."

Gibson drew his revolver and replied.

"Whitehouse surrender or I'll kill you," at the same time firing several shots at him.

With that Whitehouse, began running, and leaped a fence where Gibson's horse would not go. Gibson followed him to the fence, and called to some of the pursuers to run in ahead of him. He managed to elude them however, and got away again in the dense woods. He made straight for the river, and dropped down the bank, waiting there until the direct pursuit had grown cold about him, and in his attempt to return to the bank above, finding the Black Cave as related in the first chapter. The reader knows now how young Whitehouse came to be in the haymow with his pursuers unconsciously climbing the ladder into his retreat.



Red Snake calling upon the Braves to recapture the Sacred Arrow.
See Chapter 7.

In this extremity he growled like a dog.

The ruse was successful. "Get out you beast!" shouted Gibson, and headfirst, upon all fours, Whitehouse went down the ladder, walked a few paces on hands and knees into the darkness, and made for his cave.

But in the excitement and the darkness he had lost his way.

He directed his steps toward the river thinking he could find the place by remembrance of land marks, but all to no purpose. He wandered about until the red began to flame up in the east, and at last worn out left the bridle path along which he was walking and took to the river bottoms.

As he went along with his head down, cursing his luck, he was startled by hearing the sound of a voice upon the bank. He looked up hastily and saw a man, evidently a farmer with an axe in his hand passing lazily along going to his work, as if it was rendered a heavy task by the enervating influence of the fine spring morning. He was talking to a boy at his side and had evidently not seen Whitehouse, but the latter had made a discovery; as he looked up he saw the large gnarled root which marked the entrance to his cave. Overjoyed he sprang up the bank, hastily crawled to the mouth, and dropped into his retreat with a feeling of relief. He descended into the lower room by the trap, and sat himself down to the meal which he had gathered from the farm house. He ate rapidly, bolting large chunks of the food as if famished. When his repast was finished, he threw himself upon the pallet in the corner, and was soon sound asleep.

He did not know how long he slept. It must have been several hours, as he afterwards judged; but he awoke with a strange hissing sound in his ears, and a peculiar sensation upon him.

As he opened his eyes, they fell upon a sight just above him, which was calculated to fill the stoutest heart with horror.

From a hole in the roof of the cave, depended the head and greater portion of the body of a tremendous serpent. Its dreadful tongue hung out, forked and red, and seemed to be darting fire at him. The scales fairly glistened, and the small red eyes seemed to laugh. Its head was within a few feet of his face. He dare not cry out. He dare not move lest it should strike.

Slowly it let itself down, until its great length fell upon the floor. It glided back and forth, across and about him, and when its slimy folds touched his face, it almost froze his blood. The rise and fall of the undulating body was horrible to him. He began to fear that he should faint.

But presently the reptile glided off into a corner of the room, and he ventured to rise. It was too soon. The head of the snake came up in an instant and was then drawn back for its spring. Whitehouse seized a round club, and the crushed head of his enemy was beaten to the floor while the folds of the body convulsively opening and closing scuffled horribly over the floor.

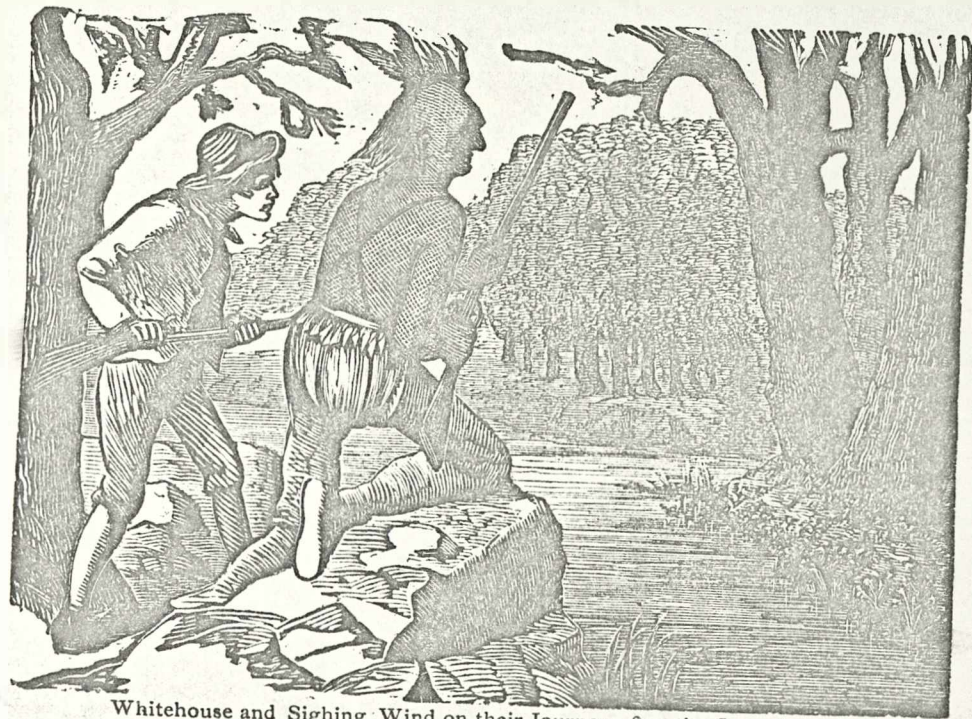
He thought his trouble was over, but the moment after he was undeceived. The snake had companions, many of them, and some strange attraction brought them out. The criminal heard a terrible hissing all about him, and from hundreds of crevices that he had not before seen, in the walls the heads of the angry serpents protruded, and from the roof they came pouring down, and the floor was alive with them. He darted to the stairway which led to the river. It was full of the hideous creatures squirming and struggling with each other in the ascent.

He was in a cave of serpents. Their horrible heads were at his feet. They slipped about his shoulders, as they fell from the roof. He was imprisoned by them.

CHAPTER VI.

THE "GRANGER" AND DAUGHTER.

The trap! Why had he not thought of it. He reached the rod and pulled it down. He sprang upon it and was saved. Hurriedly he sought the light and air, and was rejoiced when he was once again in the river. He waded across, and walked south along its banks. He hardly knew what course to pursue or where to go. In lieu therefore, of something better he went directly forward until he reached a farmhouse, where he found that it was two o'clock in the afternoon. Eating a hasty dinner, he trudged on until he crossed the railroad, anxious to get again into the swamps, if possible, to reach the Dark Bend by means of a flight down the river. Evening came on, and he ate supper at the farmhouse of Taylor Woodworth, and while here he saw Cronin and Watson pass the door, going toward Charleston. He waited until they were out of sight, and left the house. Then seeing the chase so warm, he determined that he could not go back towards the bottoms but decided to get up on the railway track, go due west until he came to Charleston, make a detour to the north, and board a train for the west. This he set about to do when the darkness became heavy enough. He crossed the bridge, and started up the track at a brisk space. He had no fears of being met, for, as he argued, who



Whitehouse and Sighing Wind on their Journey after the Sacred Arrow.
See Chapt 7.

would think of him boldly taking the iron for the town. He was within a mile and a half of the town, when he saw a man coming toward him. He caught his pistol closer, and was ready for action, but did not suspect an attack. He was disappointed. He was allowed to pass without molestation, but found himself in the midst of a party of four, and as he realized this he felt a grasp from behind, which threw him into the ditch. He drew his pistol, but could not use it. By this time two men were upon him, and he was just thinking of surrendering when the third came up, and he felt the man who lay upon his back, rolled from him, and he was allowed to get up, firing as he did so. Two shots were given him back by one of the party and in the confusion which occurred, he made good his escape into the weeds, and thence into the fields. He ran west until he was through Charleston by an unfrequented street and turned south. He traveled the entire night and part of the next forenoon, with small molestation. When night came on again he once more set out upon his tramp, and by the following morning was on the edge of the Dark Bend Swamp.

"At last he was safe!"

And finding a bed of leaves in a hollow log he sank down and fell into a sound sleep from which he did not wake for some hours. When he did so he found that he was not far from a cabin, in front of which sat a grizzly sort of man whose face showed crime. Whitehouse went boldly up, accosted him and was not long in discovering that his new companion was one of the leaders of a band of horse thieves whose retreat was in this swamp. Whitehouse did not betray the nature of the crime which had driven him from civilization in order to escape its punishment, but he gave him to understand that he was one of them. He was, after a few nights, duly initiated into the band, with many impressive ceremonies and solemn oaths never to reveal the secrets. The following night an excursion of depredation was made, and the foremost

amongst the outlaws was Whitehouse. Ten horses were stolen, and for his share he got two, his activity being thus rewarded. He sold them both to the "runner off" of the gang for \$75 each. With this sum, and that given him by the gang, amounting in all to about \$300, he determined to escape. Borrowing a neat, fashionable lady's suit, stolen by one of the gang for his wife, he crossed the swamp, and with one of the band, dressed as a Granger, took an Ohio and Mississippi train, as his daughter. In a few hours they were in St. Louis.

From that point they took the Missouri Pacific west. On the road the conductor, a gallant young man, came up to his seat, after he had collected "fare" all around, sat down and entered into conversation. The "father" sat in a seat just ahead. The young lady seemed averse to talking, and indeed to any familiarity, but in proportion as "she" became bashful, the conductor grew bolder, and at last his arm stole about "her" waist. By and by, as everybody seemed asleep, he stooped to kiss "her," when "she" rose up and gave him a blow in the face that sent him staggering into the aisle, exclaiming as he rubbed his cheek, "too d—n modest, but an arm like a sledge hammer!" But he ventured no further familiarities. Whitehouse had not been able to shave, and knew well that if the close veil worn over his face should be lifted, he would be detected.

Without incident the journey progressed by rail and by "land," until they reached the Indian Nation. They camped upon a little stream for the night, Whitehouse to join a party of miners going through to the Black Hills on the following day, his "Granger" friend to return to his old haunts.

They had eaten supper, and were smoking their pipes in front of their tent, when Whitehouse uttered an exclamation. The other looked up. A band of savages, in full war paint, were charging down the hill upon them.

CHAPTER VII.

LIFE AMONG THE INDIANS.

As they came down the hill, they fired, and the bullets rattled like hail about Whitehouse and his companion. The latter drew his revolver, as if to shoot, but he saw at once that it was of no use. Before he could return it to his pocket there came another volley and he fell dead. The band galloped up and Whitehouse was at once a prisoner. He was mounted upon a large, fine horse, but his captors spoiled what would otherwise have been fun for him, by tying his hands. They were on the warpath, and turned their faces to the west again.

A journey of several days was accomplished, during which many battles with hostile tribes were fought, and the village of the tribe was reached at last, and Ernest was freed, but kept under a surveillance that was too close to be comfortable. All the time, however, he had the friendship of Sighing Wind, a brave young chief, who was at bitter enmity with Red Snake, the old chief, who was his uncle. Together they hunted and fished. Their tents were free to each other, and they were known as The Two Pines among the tribe.

While the tribe had been out upon their last war trail, a tribe whose lands lay to the north, had invaded their village, and among other depredations had stolen the sacred arrow from the great tent dedicated to the Manitou. This was the

bringer of all good upon the nation. Now that it was gone there could be no prosperity for the tribe. The old chief called all his people together.

"Braves of the forest," he cried, "mighty are ye, and of strength. The forest pine is not taller, the mountain storm is not stronger. The Manitou rejoices in your greatness. He smiles upon you, his children. But his frowns will be as black as the clouds, as terrible as the storm upon the mountain, if ye bring not back his sacred arrow. Who among you will go.

None amongst them moved. It was a mission full of danger and of dread.

Sighing Wind drew up his form, folded his arms and stepped forth. "Cowards!" he cried, glancing about him. At the same instant the young paleface was by his side.

At sunrise the following day they started on their journey. The forest was full of the songs of the birds. The air was redolent with the perfumes of flowers. By nightfall all this was left behind, and mountains succeeded the forest. Across these lay the village of the enemy. When it was dark they stole softly into the midst of the sleeping foe. They found the temple where the sacred vessels, arrows and belts were kept. They crept in. All was dark. They moved forward softly until they reached the altar, and were about to strike a light, when Whitehouse felt himself seized. He turned, caught his assailant by the waist and threw him to the floor. He heard Sighing Wind utter an exclamation, and then there was a gasp, and all was still. The light which they struck showed him the sacred arrow and the dead body of a stalwart Indian who had assailed him, stiffening in death. As he had thrown him, Sighing Wind had buried his knife in his breast. They hastily left the temple and went out into the village. As they left the temple a woman saw them and gave a shrill cry, which rang through the streets. Dogs began to bark, and the whole village was upon them in an instant.

They ran toward the mountain which rose upon the east side of the village, and were soon among the places inaccessible to numbers. There they remained until pursuit was given over.

The next night they set out upon their return, and arrived in their own village safely, except that during the journey they were forced to climb a tree to escape a pack of hungry wolves, who howled under the tree for hours, but finally left them.

This exploit made the two so popular that shortly after their return the old chief threw them into prison. They were to have been burned at the stake, the following day, but were released in the night by Sighing Wind's betrothed. Before morning they had organized a faction which was so strong that they deposed the old chief, put Sighing Wind in his place, and made Whitehouse his counselor.

"Good day," said the mounted man, who was Ayer, the precipitant resident of York.

"How are you?" said Whitehouse, backing off a little.

"Did you see a dark brindle cow, with a white spot in her forehead and crumpled horns, just up the road?" asked Ayer.

"No," was the reply.

"Fine day," again suggested Ayer.

"Splendid," said Whitehouse.

"Your'e my prisoner," said Ayer, springing down, and taking out his long clasp knife.

"Not by a d—n sight," was the desperado's response, as he leveled his revolver.

Ayer struck at his arm to "paralyze it," and hitting the pistol, knocked the muzzle down and the ball entered the ground.

Ayer then commenced his retreat. He was backing off slowly with both hands raised, exclaiming, "Don't shoot, it isn't a bit brave in you, I aint armed: I'm your friend!" when a new participant in the little drama arrived upon the scene.

This man was Elisha Jackson, of York. He came up on horseback, and fired at Whitehouse, who sprang around as if he had been hit, but he was not. He shouted, "Don't ride up here" and pointed his pistol at Jackson who told him to "shoot." Both fired almost simultaneously, and Ayer then begged Jackson's pistol to go up and get his horse of which Whitehouse was trying to get hold. By this time the main body with their guns, came up and the fugitive sprang into the fields, ran to the bayou, and plunged into the slough up to his neck, waded over and was on the western side, running rapidly.

CHAPTER IV.

CAIN FLYING FROM VENGEANCE.

The sound of pursuit died out as soon as he had crossed the bayou, and the night coming on he was safe for the time. He ran a short distance, then turned into the fields, crossed them, and came upon a large barn a hundred yards from a farm house. He crept into this, lay down in the hay, and fell asleep.

It was broad day light when he was awakened by a vigorous shaking. The farmer's sons coming down to feed the stock, found him lying asleep, and knowing nothing about him awoke him. He got up rubbing his eyes, and told them that he was going from Marshall to Vincennes, and not wishing to disturb them lay down in the hay. They gave him breakfast, pointed out the way which led to his destination, and bade him good-bye. They were surprised to see him turn in the direction of Marshall, but he was out of sight before they could speak to him.

His traveling northward was very rapid. He ran a great deal, but never walked slowly. He kept a straight course for a few miles than again fear came, and he turned on his track. Going back a few miles he stole a large horse from the stable of a named, and proceeded north again. By chance, he fell into the Marshall road and held it. A few miles up, he met Frank Stewart and Charles

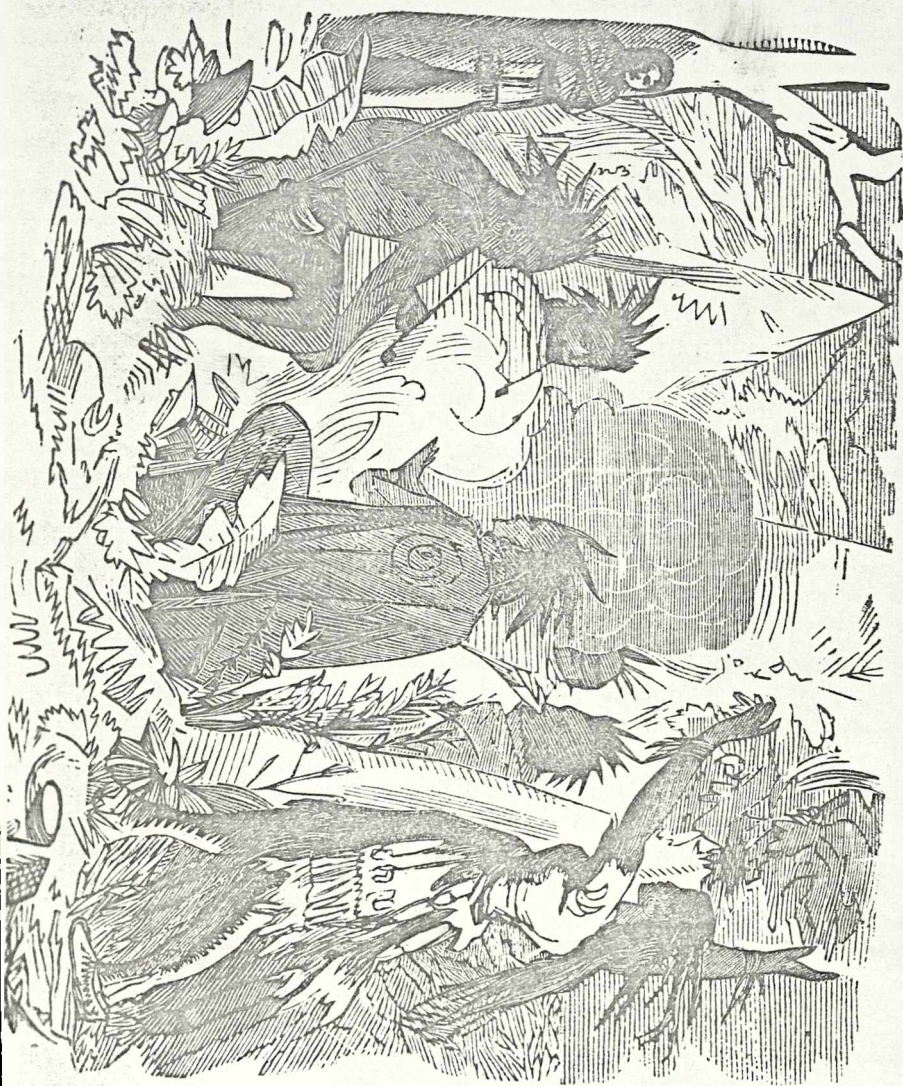
Whaling, and they passed him without apparent recognition. They went on a few rods turned, and Whaling took the train for Marshall, to give the alarm while Stewart came back with the buckboard. The pursuit after Whitehouse passed through Marshall safely, became hot. The whole town turned out. Terre Haute police officers joined in the search. Paris turned out her men. Even her big whiskered, pants in boots, loud talking Sutherland came down to take a hand. The fugitive was surrounded a dozen times. He was seen ever so many times, but when the circle closed in the weak place in the net had broken, and he was gone. He went on toward Paris. On his way, he met an old granger, who was riding. Whitehouse had abandoned his horse in the pursuit, and was walking. Putting up his pistol he remarked, "Old man, I want that horse." "Take it my dear boy, take it, God bless you," remarked the farmer as he slid down from the saddle. "I have no farther use for it." And away thundered Dick Turpin junior, just as his pursuers came in sight. He was met however by a party of men coming down. He let down the fence, and with his horse escaped into the dense undergrowth in the midst of the timber known as Young's Grove. The search went on about him, but fortune favored him as he hid himself and his animal in the branches of some fallen trees. When the hunters were certain that they had been mistaken he left his cover, and turned again into the road, and was next heard from at Christman, where the telegraph operator noticed his curious actions and followed him south, a short distance into the woods, keeping well his distance. The fugitive must have been very tired, for when the operator came up to him he found him under a tree fast asleep, but even in this state the operator seemed to think him an unequal match, and retreated giving the alarm at the town. Several citizens got out, and began the hunt after him, but when they reached the spot where he had been lying, he was there no longer. This was on Tuesday in the forenoon and he made south across the country,

keeping well to the timbered land, until he struck the Midland road east of Redmon. He crossed the track, leisurely passed into the woods, and maintained his course toward the south for some distance. Then as if bewildered, or with the instincts of the fox, he doubled upon his track, recrossing the Midland at Redmon, going north. After leaving Christman he had secured a horse, and as he went up the road he saw a fresh animal tied to the fence by the roadside, the property of a doctor, whose daughter had ridden the animal to visit some friends. He turned his own horse into the barn yard and began untying her's.

"Let my horse alone," cried out the young lady, as she saw him from the house.

"I have left you a better one in the stable," he replied as he leaped into the side-saddle, and rode away at a lively rate of speed. He went north again some distance, and got into a lane which terminated in a barn yard. Here the Christman party came up with him, and a constable was directly in front of him, his cocked pistol in his hand barring his egress. Whitehouse came rapidly down the lane. "Open the way and let me out," he cried, as he came down, and the Christman constable mounted the fence and let him have plenty of room.

He was then lost sight of for a time, but gradually worked south until he was between the two railroads, and then his course was directed for the Ambarrass forest and undergrowth, almost as thick as furze, enough to baffle the most experienced searchers. The officers got wind of his whereabouts, and the "Ambraw" country was soon full of men armed to the teeth, and determined to get him if they could. Farmers left their plows, boys put their old guns on their shoulders, old men picked up their Queen Anne's muskets, and began to scour the country. They hunted in all directions, and at last the chase began to grow romantic and exciting as they neared him. Tuesday night about one o'clock, J. E. Howell and



Red Snake calling upon the Braves to recapture the Sacred Arrow.
See Chapter 7.

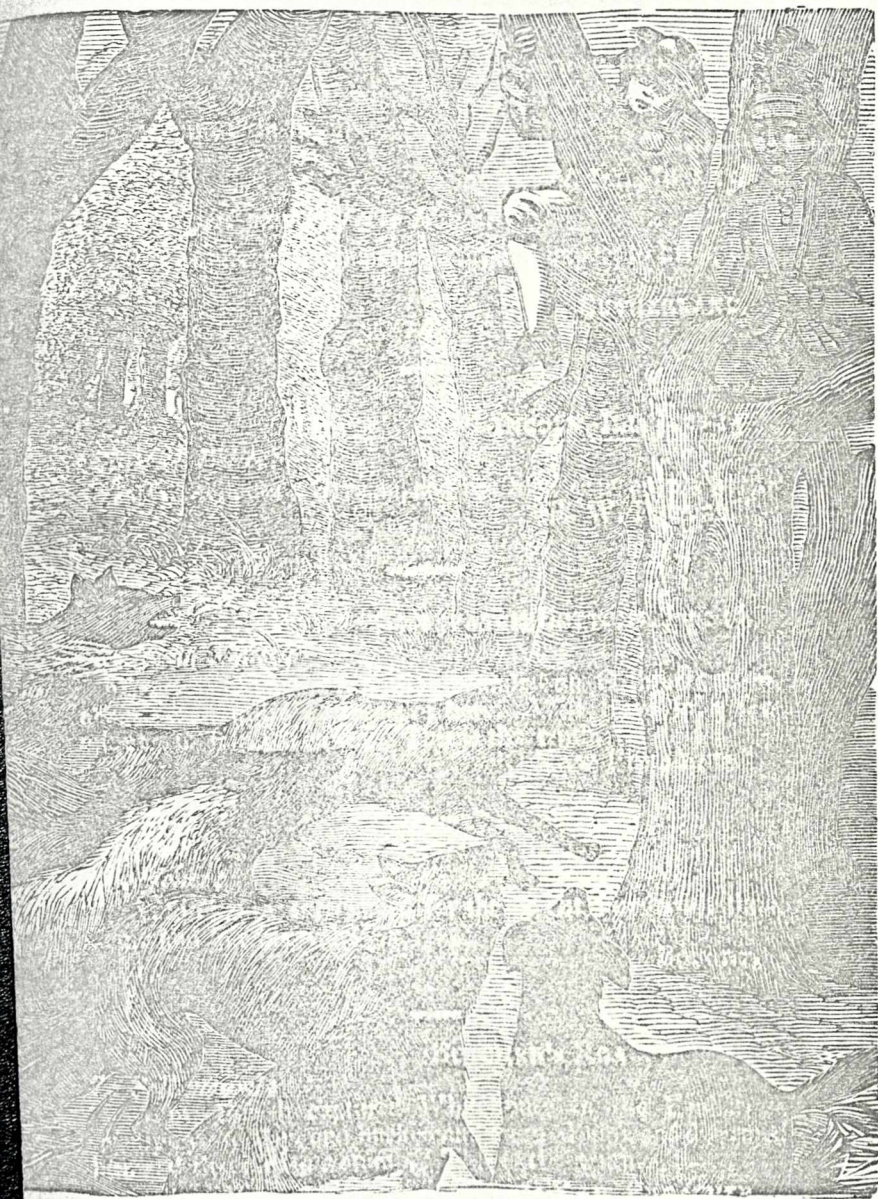
Joseph Galbraith were lying in the weeds behind the barn just above the river on the Galbraith farm expecting to see him come. Their expectations were fulfilled, for he came up put his foot upon the fence and was about to get over, when Howard turned partially, the movement attracting his attention. He backed off to a tree, and retreated into the bottoms again. Galbraith and Howell firing four shots at him as he ran. On Wednesday morning, Gibson, who was scouring the timber, caught up with him, and coming across the field, met him but a few paces off, as he came running along the edge of a deadening, twirling the chamber of his revolver. He presently saw Gibson and shouted to him:

"Gibson, I don't want to hurt you, but stand back or I'll shoot."

Gibson drew his revolver and replied.

"Whitehouse surrender or I'll kill you," at the same time firing several shots at him.

With that Whitehouse, began running, and leaped a fence where Gibson's horse would not go. Gibson followed him to the fence, and called to some of the pursuers to run in ahead of him. He managed to elude them however, and got away again in the dense woods. He made straight for the river, and dropped down the bank, waiting there until the direct pursuit had grown cold about him, and in his attempt to return to the bank above, finding the Black Cave as related in the first chapter. The reader knows now how young Whitehouse came to be in the haymow with his pursuers unconsciously climbing the ladder into his retreat.



Whitehouse and Sighing Wind treed by wolves. See Chapter 7th.

In this extremity he growled like a dog.

The ruse was successful. "Get out you beast!" shouted Gibson, and headfirst, upon all fours, Whitehouse went down the ladder, walked a few paces on hands and knees into the darkness, and made for his cave.

But in the excitement and the darkness he had lost his way.

He directed his steps toward the river thinking he could find the place by remembrance of land marks, but all to no purpose. He wandered about until the red began to flame up in the east, and at last worn out left the bridle path along which he was walking and took to the river bottoms.

As he went along with his head down, cursing his luck, he was startled by hearing the sound of a voice upon the bank. He looked up hastily and saw a man, evidently a farmer with an axe in his hand passing lazily along going to his work, as if it was rendered a heavy task by the enervating influence of the fine spring morning. He was talking to a boy at his side and had evidently not seen Whitehouse, but the latter had made a discovery; as he looked up he saw the large gnarled root which marked the entrance to his cave. Overjoyed he sprang up the bank, hastily crawled to the mouth, and dropped into his retreat with a feeling of relief. He descended into the lower room by the trap, and sat himself down to the meal which he had gathered from the farm house. He ate rapidly, bolting large chunks of the food as if famished. When his repast was finished, he threw himself upon the pallet in the corner, and was soon sound asleep.

He did not know how long he slept. It must have been several hours, as he afterwards judged; but he awoke with a strange hissing sound in his ears, and a peculiar sensation upon him.

As he opened his eyes, they fell upon a sight just above him, which was calculated to fill the stoutest heart with horror.

From a hole in the roof of the cave, depended the head and greater portion of the body of a tremendous serpent. Its dreadful tongue hung out, forked and red, and seemed to be darting fire at him. The scales fairly glistened, and the small red eyes seemed to laugh. Its head was within a few feet of his face. He dare not cry out. He dare not move lest it should strike.

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CHAPTER V.

Whitehouse lay quite still. He was hid in a dark corner and was well covered with hay, so that only an accident could betray him at once, although the morning would certainly deliver him into the hands of his pursuers. He racked his brain for a plan of escape. Nothing came to him however, and the officers came up the ladder, and dropping down in different corners, went to sleep. One of them lay directly over Whitehouse, the little bunch of hay being the only partition between their bodies. He heard the man say to his companion in a drowsy tone.

"Must be a knot under here, confound hard to sleep on!"

Then he began snoring.

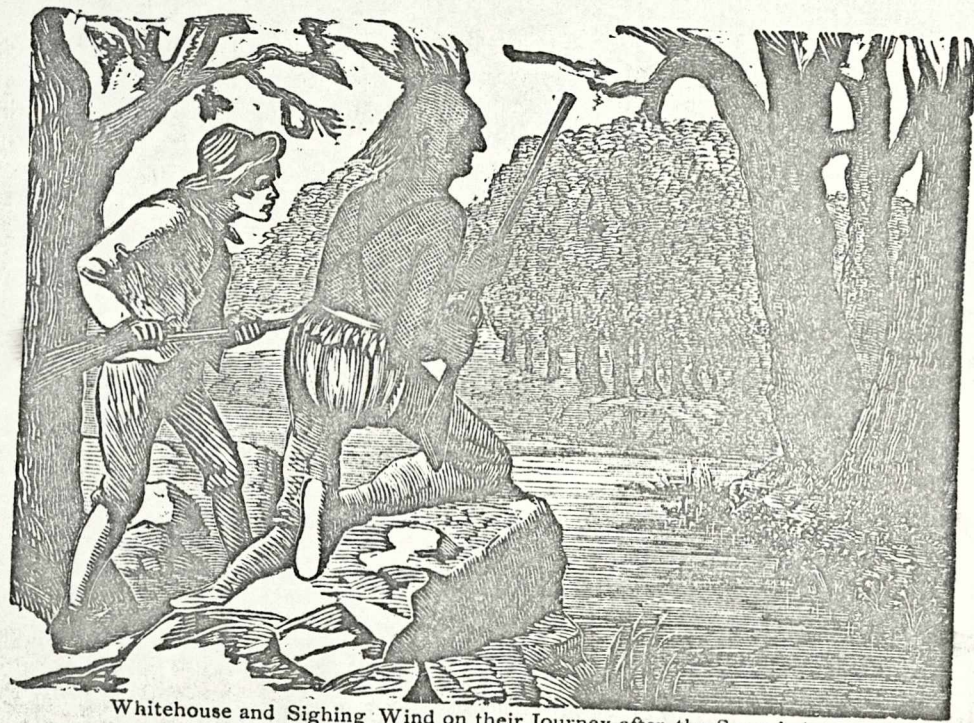
Whitehouse began tunneling at the hay as soon as he became convinced that all above him were sound asleep. Cautiously he drew himself from beneath the sleeper, and as cautiously made his way to the opening. He was compelled to stop more than once, as some movement on the part of the sleepers gave indication of a disposition to awake.

At last he reached the little door.

Just then Fisk awoke.

"What's that?" he cried out, awaking his companions.

Whitehouse gave himself up for lost. If he sprang down he would probably be so badly injured, as not to be able to escape. If he came inside he would be captured.



Whitehouse and Sighing Wind on their Journey after the Sacred Arrow.
See Chapt 7.

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They ran toward the mountain which rose upon the east side of the village, and were soon among the places inaccessible to numbers. There they remained until pursuit was given over.

The next night they set out upon their return, and arrived in their own village safely, except that during the journey they were forced to climb a tree to escape a pack of hungry wolves, who howled under the tree for hours, but finally left them.

This exploit made the two so popular that shortly after their return the old chief threw them into prison. They were to have been burned at the stake, the following day, but were released in the night by Sighing Wind's betrothed. Before morning they had organized a faction which was so strong that they deposed the old chief, put Sighing Wind in his place, and made Whitehouse his counselor.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FUNNY SIDE OF IT.

The Whitehouse business has a funny side, and it must not be neglected by this author. Public opinion, generally to be laughed at, was in this case doubly ridiculous. The night of the crime, the enthusiastic citizens would have lynched the young villian, could they have caught him. But they didn't, and so wonderful is the influence of bull-dog courage over those who do not themselves possess it, that before a week Whitehouse was a hero. A bull-dog hero. The very citizens who cried out most loudly, for his apprehension at first were offering imaginary sums of one thousand dollars to him, "if they could only get to him." One of these liberal gentlemen was standing in a crowd one day making his usual thousand dollar boast when Mrs. Yates (the mother of Whitehouse) passed. "Give me the money and I will see that he gets it," she suggested. The boaster sneaked out of the crowd, and got away as quietly as possible.

This self same lion, public opinion, has thrown itself abroad to such an extent, and raised its mane, and extended its claws that it has been decided by competent Judges, who are anxious to consolidate public opinion, that Cleary was not shot. He only ran a thorn in his side, climbing a locust tree after birds nests. Whitehouse is declared an angle of light and will not be brought down from his throne by this author.

But with telegraphic speed, we turned to some of the dispatches which came over the wires at various times. There is genuine "meat" in them.

SQUABTON, ILL., June 15,

To the 'biggest' man in Terre Haute:

Got Whitehouse up a cornstalk, and expect to bring him down.

SUTHERLAND.

"LINCOLN, ILL., June 15.

"Chief of Police:

"Is Whitehouse a German, and has he a scar on his head?

"R. W. FREYER."

"GOOSEPATCH BOTTOMS, June 16.

"To John Smith:

"Ernst Whitehouse is now surrounded on Galbreath farm, about seven miles northeast of here. Will leave in a few minutes to join the crowd. This is the truth.

"O'KAW PREACHER."

"To Jones:

Whitehouse surrounded for the eight hundredth time. Come and get his scalp.

BOUGHT.

BUTCHER'S ROAD, June, 16.

To Sellemount:

Wm. Baugh captured Whitehouse in the Embarrass swamps yesterday, and bucked and gagged him, and disarmed him and tied him to a stump. This is the truth.

(Signed)

O'KAW PREACHER.

THE CAUSE.

When a person commits a crime, there is always a cause for it. A great many have asked, "why has Whitehouse turned out thus?" We can tell them: Associates. At one time he was a quiet, industrious boy, working hard to help support his widowed mother, and brother and sisters. He used to rise early, and build office fires for gentlemen in the city, and the rest of the day he devoted to blacking boots and selling papers. It is said that he often made as high as four and five dollars per day at this kind of work. But when he grew older he obtained a place on the railroad as train-boy, and there first commenced his bad habits.

A great many have laid his faults to his mother, and The Gazette of this city has gone so far as to say that from her he obtained his disposition to commit crime. We think there must be some mistake in regard to this. The writer of this article has called on Mrs. Yates, the mother of Whitehouse, (she having been married twice), several times, and each time was received in the most courteous manner. Her home, which is at No. 512 South Eighth street, is a small, one-story house, with a beautiful yard in front, which is full of flowers and shrubbery. Everything seems homelike. As the writer tapped at the door, he was received by a middle-aged lady, dressed plain and neatly. The room into which he was ushered was small and clean. A carpet covered the floor; in one corner stood a sofa, in another a bed, while in a third was a bureau, on which was a small French clock. A few chairs

CAIRO, Egypt, June 17th.

Ernest Whitehouse:

Come out and take command of my Bashi Bazouks.
Good position.

MUKHTAR PASHIA.

MARSHALL, Ills., June 15--7:10 p. m.

"M. W. Stack, Chief Police:

Whitehouse is three miles west of here on a farm belonging to to Henry Fahlbush. Citizens are in arms. Two hundred men in pursuit.

CITIZENS.

MARSHALL, June 16.

"To Wm. Schoal:

Whitehouse between here and Oregon. Send a gallon of beer.

THE LATEST.

OOVERTY FLAT, I. T., June 21.

"To Everybody:

Whitehouse has just been elected Mayor.

OLD PLUG.

completed the furniture. Mrs. Yates was quite talkative, and seemed willing to talk on any subject, except about Ernest. When his name was mentioned, tears came into her eyes, and her lips quivered, and it could be plainly seen that it caused her pain to talk of her erring boy. "God grant that he may escape," said she, "and may this be such a lesson to him that he will take warning and try and live a better life in the future." She often expressed the hope that Mr. Cleary would get well, but said she did not want her boy to be caught and punished. "Ernest was always good to me," she said; "he never let me know of his bad deeds when he committed them, and always reproved his brother and sister when they did wrong. When he came back (meaning from the penitentiary) he was a changed boy. He obtained work at the Car Works, and worked there until a reduction in the force was made, and he was thrown out of work. He tried hard to get work, in this place and other cities, but failed. Ever since he came back the police seemed to watch him. They would not give the boy encouragement to do right, ever shadowing him, and ready to accuse him of crime. After he shot Cleary, they accused him of committing the Mattox murder, of which, God knows, my boy is innocent. He was in Colorado at the time of that murder, and I have letters which he wrote to prove it. The Rector of St. Steven's Church also received letters from him." She opened a door that led into a room at the south side of the building. "This is his room," she said. It was a small room. A small table was in one corner, on which was a wash-bowl, and over it a mirror with comb-case attached. On one side was a small bed, over which was spread a white cover, and the grief-stricken mother went to the pillow and smoothed it down, saying as she did so: "This is the place where my boy last rested his head at home." Approaching the window, the writer saw this carved in the window sill: "Ernest Whitehouse, March 26, 1877." "Since he has committed his last crime," said she, "terrible stories have been told about me, reflecting on my character. They are all base

fabrications, and if I were a man, or even strong enough, I would horsewhip the scoundrel who told them," mentioning the name of an ex-policeman. If the stories told on her are false, he is without doubt a coward; for none other will attack a helpless woman, with either hand or tongue, unless he is a coward, and particularly on the subject of her character.

As one looks on the past life of Ernest, they cannot but pity him. Led on by associates, he has become what he is. But let us judge him as we should want to be judged. Perhaps if our hearts were laid bare before our fellow men, there might be crimes covered in its dark recesses black as his.

THE MATTOX TRAGEDY.

A Full Account of the Terrible Affair.

Wednesday evening May 2, at about halfpast nine o'clock, Mr. A. C. Mattox was passing along Chestnut street on his return from the grocer's. As he reached the mouth of the alley-way, which runs from Eagle to Chestnut, in the rear of the residence of Judge Carleton, he was assaulted by some unknown person or persons who seized him by the throat, forced him to the ground, robbed him of watch and pocket book, shot him in the abdomen, and left him lying in the dust, mortally wounded. David S. Sammis who was sitting at the window, on the southwest corner of Sixth and Chestnut, heard the pistol shot, followed by a cry of agony from the victim. Mr. Sammis hastened to the spot from whence the sound of the pistol had come. There he found Mr. Mattox helpless and apparently insensible. He ran to the residence of Robert Thomas, adjoining that of Judge Carleton, where he found John E. Lamb, who was

spending the evening with Mr. Thomas' family. Together they returned to the scene of the shooting, and together with a member of his family, reached the prostrate body, as Mr. Lamb and several others arrived. Some persons had brought a lamp, and by its light Mr. Lamb recognized the dying man and called him by name. Mr. Mattox seemed to be in perfect possession of his mental faculties. He recognized Mr. Lamb, and asked him if the robber had been caught. On being asked who had shot him he said he did not know; the man sprang upon him, choked him to the ground and shot him. The clothing of the wounded man was found to be on fire, directly over the wound in the abdomen. Mr. L. extinguished the fire, and with the assistance of Mr. Sammis bore the sufferer to the residence of Mr. Thomas, where he was placed upon an improvised couch in the front parlor.

Dr. Willien was summoned, and promptly responded. A brief examination showed that the ball had entered the abdomen at a point about one and a half inches below and to the right of the navel, ranging upwards into the vital organs. Dr. Willien decided at once that recovery was out of the question, and that the sufferer had but a short time to live.

At 10 o'clock Mr. Mattox begged that he might be frankly informed of his exact condition. When informed that he probably had but a short time to live, he seemed resigned to his fate, but wondered why any man should wish to kill him. Shortly after 10 o'clock, the wife and two daughters of the dying man entered the room, and a most heart-rendering scene ensued. Mrs. Mattox had been informed that there was no hope of her husband's recovery, and her grief knew no bounds. The sufferer was able to talk in a feeble, dazed sort of way and kept up a rambling conversation with those about him. At half past ten Dr. Link arrived, and a few moments later was followed by Dr. Mitchell. Both were satisfied that all had been done that could be, and that there was no hope of recovery.

The wounded man died the following day at twelve o'clock. He was about forty years of age and was an old and respected citizen of Terre Haute. He was universally esteemed; he had led a blameless and useful life. He had been engaged for many years in the business of a cooper, and was at the time of this deplorable occurrence, proprietor of the Prairie City Cooper Shops, on north Eighth street.

The watch guard, a heavy silk one, was unbroken, as the ring was pulled out of the watch, and was found near the spot of the assassination. The pistol which was probably used, was found in the alley Thursday morning. It was a three dollar pistol, No. 28 calibre, nearly new. There was one chamber empty. Officers Vandever, Gibson and Downey arrested Dan Russell, who had recently come from Indianapolis, and who had been arrested in that city on a charge of assault and battery with intent to commit murder, and he had been arrested here for being drunk and disorderly. That evening about 6 o'clock his associate, or "partner," George Willard, night watchman at the Carson House, was also arrested. Russell was discharged from the Station House the morning before the assault upon Mr. Mattox. He then had a revolver of the exact description of the one found upon the spot where Mr. Mattox was attacked. The Station House keeper is sure that it was the identical revolver. It is a significant fact that he was unable to produce the weapon or to account for its having gone out of his possession.

The City Council met, offered a reward, and at once the following announcement was made:

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE, TERRE HAUTE, IND., May 3, 1877.

At a special meeting of the Common Council of the city of Terre Haute, Indiana, held at the Council Chamber, on the 3d day of May, 1877, the annexed preamble and resolution were adopted:

"Whereas, This city has suffered a great shock through the hands of an assassin on the person of one of our most worthy citizens and ex-Councilman, A. C. Mattox, therefore be it

Resolved, That the city of Terre Haute offers a reward of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the arrest and conviction of the assassin and murderer.

By order of the Common Council, May 3, 1877.

JOHN B. TOLBERT, City Clerk.

The rewards ran up finally to \$5,000. Some efforts were made to ferret out the murderers, but in vain.

Mr. Mattox's life was well insured, the amounts being as follows: Travelers' Life, Wharton, Riddle & Co., agents, \$10,000; Northwestern Mutual Life, J. T. Wiley, agent, \$13,000; Mutual Benefit, L. G. Hager, agent, \$2,500; Masonic Mutual Benefit, \$5,000; A. O. U. W., \$2,000, making a total of \$32,500.



A Newspaper Reporter after a fruitless search for the modern Dick.

THE Swiss Ague Cure

NEVER FAILS.

Is the best Tonic ever brought before the People, and no one should ever be without it. There is no doubt that many of your dearest friends have gone to their grave and if they would have had this medicine in time they would be with you to-day.

**How to test its Merits is
to Try it.**

THERE IS NO BETTER

Liver Regulator and Blood Purifier
IN THE COUNTRY.

**Everybody Testifies
as to its Efficacy and
Merits.**

Dr. JULES HOURIET,
Proprietor.

THE MAYER'S HOUSE, **First Street, Bet. Main & Ohio,**

At the Western Terminus of the Street Railroad,

Fare only \$1 per day.

Largest and Best Wagon Yard in the City.

The table supplied with the best in the market. The rooms choice for sleeping. The Mayers has been thoroughly refurnished, and is one of the best hotels in the West. Traveling men will find this a hotel home. Stop at the Mayers,

The Saturday Courier,

J. O. HARDESTY, EDITOR,

THE REPUBLICAN PAPER OF VIGO CO.

MRS. HUMASTON,

Headquarters for

BAKERY GOODS.

Choicest Bread, Finest Cakes and Best Confectionery.
Best Five Cent Cigars in the City. Ice Cream only Ten
Cents a dish. No. 30 south Fourth street,

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

MRS. C. J. ADAMS,

Dealer in

Dry Goods & Notions,

NORTHEAST CORNER MAIN & 13th Sts.

**The Cheapest Store in the City for Lace Goods, Notions,
Gloves, Buttons, Etc., Etc.**

THE TERRE HAUTE CENT STORE

Will sell you

NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS

In Great Variety at Prices that can not be Excelled in
this State.

WABASH FLOURING MILLS.

CORNER MAIN & WATER STREETS.

Farmers can exchange their wheat for the best brands of Flour, or receive the HIGHEST CASH PRICE for their Grain. Do not fail to ask for the PRIDE OF THE WABASH Flour, the best in the market.

KIDDER & DONMEYER, Proprietors.

LOOK HERE!

Here is an opportunity to purchase some of the best and cheapest wines ever offered in Terre Haute. We have the following choice brands to select from: Leitfraumich, Rodesheimer, Hochheimer, Geisenheimer, Forster, Riesling, Sherry, Port, California and imported Claret, Angelica, California Reisling. A No. 1 Claret at 25 and 50 cents per bottle, other brands correspondingly cheap. This is one of the most select places in town, where private apartments are furnished gentlemen, who can enjoy to the fullest extent, a glass of wine or a nice cool glass of beer.

REGAN & BEST, 503 Main Street.

HARRY A. DODSON,

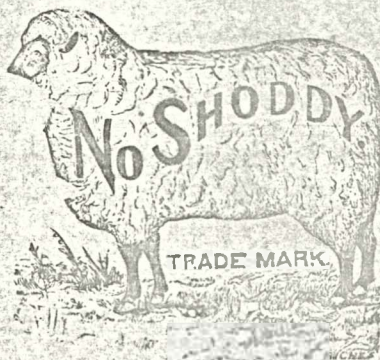
Dealer in

RAGS, OLD IRON, COPPER, BRASS, ZINC, OLD
BONES, HIDES, FEATHERS, CHICKENS, &c.

1222 East Main Street, Bet. 12th & 13th.

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

VIGO WOOLEN MILLS.



YOU WILL FIND AT
JEFFERS, SHEESLEY & CO..

Corner Tenth and Main Streets, Terre Haute, Ind., the
largest line of Woollen Goods, the greatest variety of Stocking
Yarn, the best and cheapest Elinells, Jeans, Satinets and
Cassimeres in the State.

"TERRE HAUTE" RIBBLE
THE JEWELER,

Sells the Cheapest and the Best Jewelry of all
descriptions in the city.

ENGRAVING & REPAIRING a Specialty.

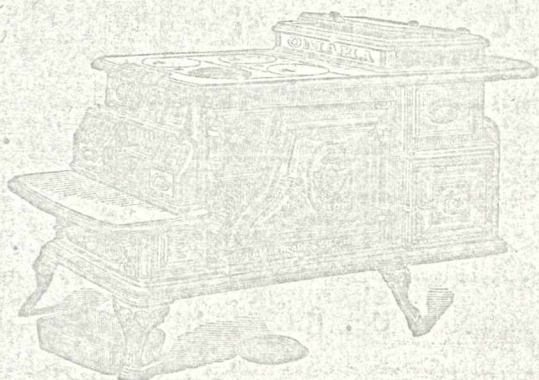
Also Headquarters for

MILLINERY AND NOTIONS,

Wholesale and Retail, at prices defying competition

517 MAIN STREET.

Fenner & Lotze,
DEALERS IN
STOVES,



Manufacturers of Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Ware,
Galvanized Iron Cornices and window Caps.

ROOFING AND GUTTERING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Agents for LOTZE & SON'S Celebrated

Warm Air Furnaces,

AND WROUGHT IRON RANGES.

311 Main Street,

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

Mrs. T. H. RIDDLE,

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Notions and Hair Goods,

No. 403 Main Street,

Opposite Opera House.

Infant Goods ☉ *Sunbonnets.*

Especial Attention Given to Making Hair Goods.
Orders Promptly filled.

“Old Reliable.”

THE
HOWE
☉ Sewing Machine ☉

Has stood the test of all competition, and to-day is in the front ranks with these words inscribed upon its Banner,

“THE BEST MACHINE FOR THE LEAST
MONEY.”

For Sale by

E. T. PURCELL,

No. 320 Main Street.

DAILY EXPRESS.

TERRE HAUTE, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1872.

OFFICE OF THE PUBLISHER, No. 3 South Fifth Street, Terre Haute, Ind.

Terms to Subscribers.

For one year \$10.00; For six months \$6.00; For three months \$3.00; For one month \$1.00. All payments in advance. Single copies 5 cents. Express postage on all mail subscriptions is paid by the publisher.

To Correspondents.

Communications for this newspaper, for publication or on business, should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any person connected with it. Attention to this rule will sometimes prevent annoyances and save the attention of those to whom communications are likely to be addressed may be absent from the city.

Illustrations.

The Forecasts of Prof. Tier, of St. Louis, Based Upon Astronomical Events.

FOR JUNE 1872.

1st and 2nd, showery and perhaps heavy storms; 3d to 5th generally clear or fair; 6th to 8th, clouding and threatening, with local rains; 9th to 10th, generally clear; 10th to 15th, storms in places; 15th to 16th, generally clear; 16th to 20th, clouding and threatening, with local storms; 21st to 23d, generally fair; storms in places; 24th to 27th, generally clear or fair; 27th to 30th, clouding and threatening, with heavy local rain storms. The warmest days will be about the 2nd, 7th, 12th, 18th, 24th and 29th. The coldest weather will be about the 4th, 8th, 15th and 20th.

FOR JULY.

1st and 2d, generally clear and pleasant; 3d to 5th, clouding and threatening, with heavy rains and severe storms in places; 6th to 9th, generally fair and pleasant; 10th to 13th, clouding and threatening, with local rains; 13th to 15th, generally fair, but some local rains; 15th to 18th, clouding and threatening, with heavy rains and severe storms in places; 18th to 21st, generally clear or fair; 21st to 25th, clouding and threatening, with heavy rains; 25th to 28th, generally clear; 28th to 30th, clouding, threatening weather, with rain and wind storms in places; 30th to 31st, generally fair or clear. The warm periods are about 5th, 11th, 14th, 17th, 23d and 29th. The cooler periods are about 1st, 8th, 19th and 26th.

The last whispers which the little birds sing are that Blue Jeans Williams wants to be president, and M. C. Hunter wants to be governor of the Hoosiers.

The following is one of the most singular items that these scissars have lodged against in forty weeks:

Mr. William H. Vanderbilt reduced the rent of one of his railroad eating houses from \$6,000 to \$1,500 on the last promising to give up his bar.

The ludicrous idea of forming a new party out of the sore-heads that hang about Washington may well be compared to the pedant who spent his last cent for a pocket-book. After the new "party" is formed, its founders will begin to look about them for some principles to put into it.

What a howl would be raised if the government were to pass a bill giving all the property in Texas to the Wall street Shylocks! Yet a sum equal in value is paid out for the trashy luxury of silver coin. "The people" would rise up in arms, as they did before, to save Texas, the property of a section, yet they bear with equanimity an equal loss sustained by the commonwealth, as a whole.

The new era must be coming. The Georgia legislature passed a bill making

Murder.

Deputy Sheriff John M. Cleary the Victim

He is Shot Down While in the Discharge of His Duty, By a Prisoner.

Escape and Pursuit of the Assassin.

The usual quiet of newspaper row was disturbed last evening by one of the most startling and cruel murders ever perpetrated in our city. The victim was deputy sheriff John M. Cleary, a gentleman widely known and universally esteemed in the community. The murderer is Earnest Whitehouse, a young desperado of about twenty years, who was sent to Jeffersonville from this city something over two years since, for housebreaking, several other charges resting against him, at the time. The circumstances under which the murder was committed are peculiarly aggravated, and show a depth of villainy in the criminal that can hardly be computed by the average mind.

The evening previous, the grocery of Patrick Hickey, on east Poplar street was burglarized and about twenty dollars in cash stolen therefrom. The robbery was reported to Chief-of-Police Stack and Mr. Cleary yesterday morning, and after a thorough investigation they decided to arrest Earnest Whitehouse. They found him on Sixth street at about half-past seven o'clock, and at once arrested him. He was taken to the station house where he was closely questioned, but refused to admit anything. He assured his captors however, that if they sent him to the penitentiary on this charge

HE WOULD KILL THEM BOTH as soon as he had served his term. He was taken to the house of his mother, Mrs. Yates, on Eighth street, near Oak, where, after promising to release him if he would confess and restore the stolen property, the officers prevailed upon him to restore ten dollars of the money, and to give the name of his accomplice, who he said, had the rest of the stolen money. Mr. Cleary accompanied him on a tour about town in search of the other scamp, but the search was unavailing. At half-past 9 o'clock they were passing along Fifth street on their return to the police station. When they were within a few feet of Ohio street, on the west side of Fifth, Whitehouse drew a revolver and fired at his captor. This shot was succeeded by another within a few seconds. One shot took effect in the back of the victim, and the other in the abdomen about two inches to the left of the navel. Opinions differ as to which was

THE FIRST SHOT.

one witness who saw the affair from the opposite side of the street, declares that the flash of the first shot was at least two feet lower than that of the second. This would indicate that the first wound was the one in the abdomen. Others de-

otherwise appropriated, as a reward to any person or persons, for the apprehension of Earnest Whitehouse, the alleged assassin of John M. Cleary, deputy sheriff of Vigo county, and an equal amount for his body.

Resolved, That the clerk be authorized to give public notice of this reward by publication in the newspapers of the city, and by posting hand bills.

Resolved, Further, that a copy of these resolutions be transmitted forthwith to the board of commissioners of Vigo county.

On the call of the ayes and nays, all the members present, Messrs. Smith, Gilman, Scudder, Slaughter, Payne, Mohan, Schloss and Coffin, voted in the affirmative. The council then adjourned.

THE PURSUIT.

Within twenty minutes after the tragedy, all the bridges leading across the Wabash, were guarded by officers. Chief Stack dispatched three officers to the house of Mrs. Yates, the mother of the murderer, who lives on Eighth street, near Oak.

At half-past 10 o'clock a young man appeared at the council chamber, and reported that he had met the fugitive on the corner of First and Poplar streets, shortly after 10 o'clock. He had followed the fellow to the river, and had seen him turn southward. In a few minutes a large party of volunteers were in search of the assassin in the neighborhood. Most of them are still engaged in the search, but at present writing nothing further has been seen of the fugitive.

THE VICTIM.

John M. Cleary, is about 34 years of age, a native of Ireland. He had been a resident of Terre Haute for many years and had been for the past three years a deputy sheriff. He was universally esteemed, and there are few men whose loss would be more seriously felt. He will leave a wife and one child, a little boy aged two years.

LATER.

In an interview with Chief Stack, at a late hour this morning, we learn that there are some inaccuracies in the above statement. Whitehouse was taken from the station to Hickey's grocery, where he confessed his complicity in the robbery, and agreed to restore his half of the booty. Mr. Hickey and Mr. Cleary accompanied the culprit to his mother's house to receive the money, while Chief Stack remained at the grocery to await their return. Hickey finally returned alone, stating that Cleary and Whitehouse had gone down Barn street and would join Stack at Seventh. Mr. Stack at once returned to the station, where he remained until he heard the news of the shooting. Mr. S. states that there was a positive agreement to release Whitehouse, as soon as he should restore the property, and he was unable to determine what the motive of the murder could have been.

THE LATEST.

At three o'clock this morning the wounded man was sleeping peacefully under the influence of an opiate. As soon as he awakens he will be urged to make a statement of all the facts.

WHITEHOUSE.

is about twenty years old, and is an adept in crime. He seems to have breathed it from childhood. He distinguished himself by various thefts even when he was quite a youth, and was an accomplished thief at the age of sixteen. Being employed about three years since as a bell boy at the National house, he stole a large amount of money from a commercial traveler, and left the city. A short time

EUROPE.

A Reporter Thinks Egypt Sues

Russia Not to Arms Until Clear

The Turkish Bid So Ineffective

The French Bo British Grain English

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RESUMPTIO

LONDON, June 8. says the Russian summed the running Odessa and Kibi month's stoppage. engers and a token trip. The Turkish

Vienna, June 8.

MUKHA

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Sheriff (Vigo Co)

Evening Gazette

Terre Haute
Gazette
June 9, 1877
p. 1, 5

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JUNE 9, 1877.

Price Five Cents

Sheriff
(Vigo Co)

Large numbers come over from Chicago every Saturday to spend the Sabbath. The proprietor is a gentleman known in Indiana, Mr. W. G. Sherman, well acquainted in Terre Haute, and down to Evansville, and is certainly agreeable, genial and obliging, caring no expense to beautify and in his elegant hotel and to please guests. He is a model proprietor for a first class place hotel, and is anxious to have many old friends of Terre Haute and visit him and see how nicely he can accommodate them for only \$3.00 a week, up to any figure. Boots, fish, and bathing suits, and livery teams, supplied at all times very cheap. He is assisted by Mr. Henry A. Allen the well known hotel clerk.

Directly across the street from the hotel is Sheldens Magnetic minerals and bathing house of great note. A large park beautifully laid out and ornamented with shrubbery, statuary, fountains, &c., and the place and it also has a bowling alley with four ranges. It is a very popular amusement with many ladies stopping here. In fact there are few places where the jolly seekers of Terre Haute can go to be better entertained, have more opportunities for pastime, nicer weather, cheaper rates than here. Take a picnic party and visit the Sherman. Picnic excursion parties will be delighted to go there, for a day's pleasure.

WAY THEY DO IN CONGRESS.

Yesterday, when "Big English" saw that he was going to be a lonesome day with his bootblacks, he set his head to work to devise something to break the monotony. About ten o'clock he got a crowd of boys into the alley behind his office and organized the "Forty Congress." "Big English" is a regular reader of the daily papers, and he is a good organizer. It took him but fifteen minutes to get the "House," and "Senate" going so smoothly that lawyers and judges looked down from their windows with great interest.

"No's a liar?" yelled a white-headed fellow who jumped up.

"Dry up!" shouted "Sixth Street Tom."

"Put him out—he was in the rebel army!" called a boy from Grand River avenue.

"No one clubbed my dog fifteen years ago, and I can never forgive him," yelled Strawberry Bob.

"Out the records and less see who's the val," put in King's boy.

"English rapped on his box to render order, but King Tommy threw up his hands and yelled:

"Down with the alphas and the noxes." "Can't gag me," shouted a lathy boy from Windsor.

"We have a salary grab," piped a Connecticut boy.

"The peepul won't stand it," whooped a fellow from

"In't we the peepul?" demanded a fellow from the railing.

"We are one country?" asked the fellow as he rose up.

"Are, but you hain't!" Yelled "Sixth Street Nick."

"Can't one flag float for us all!" continued the Speaker.

"Does about tax-time!" screamed a fellow-eyed youth from Springwells.

"Nobody kicked the honorable member. He then struck the honorable member from Wisconsin.

The honorable gentleman from Wisconsin smothered the honorable gentleman from Iowa, and hair stood up and coat tails flew out. When the row had quieted down the honorable Speaker remarked:

"Was pretty good for the first time, but you didn't abuse each other."

ON, HENRY B. BANNING.

LIKES HIS POSITION WITH REGARD TO THE ARMY.

York, June 9.—A West Point letter says Hon. Henry B. Banning of Ohio is on board of the Visitor.

Upon arriving he was met

MURDER

Most Foul, as at the Best it is, but This Most Foul, Base and Unnatural.

Deputy-Sheriff John Cleary Shot Twice Fatally by Ernest Whitehouse.

Strong Theory That the Miserable Wretch Also Murdered Mr. Mattox.

He Went to California Very Shortly After it.

Printing house square was the scene on last evening of a murder so wanton and unnecessary that the feeling of the entire community has been aroused. Deputy Sheriff John Cleary one of the best officers that ever looked a pair of handcuffs on a villain, an excellent honest, generous hearted man, was made the victim by Ernest Whitehouse to be cut off in the prime of life without reason is a most terrible thing. There is a good deal of victory connected with the affair which is here related.

A short time since the grocery of Roberts & Hickey successors to F. W. Shaley on the corner of 8th and Poplar was entered through a transom and \$20.00 taken. Mr. Pat Hickey gave to Chief Stack and deputy Cleary the names of four or five persons whom he suspected and among them Ernest Whitehouse. Ernest has lived with his mother on Seven street near Oak.

The hole in the transom was very small and as Ernest, was a slender young man about twenty years of age, and was seen about the store a good deal he was the most suspected party.

Yesterday evening about seven o'clock he was arrested near the National house and taken around to M. Stack's office. They came out plainly and told him that he knew he entered the store, in order to catch him; told him they had a witness who saw him go over the transom. They promised him if he would confess and return the money they would release him and say nothing about it. He neither assented nor refused, so they took him down to Mr. Hickey's store and talked the matter over. Hickey was very unwilling to stop prosecution, but finally assented.

All four afterward talked it over at the watch house on the E. & C. road at the Poplar street crossing, and Ernest finally said "Well I will come to time." They accepted the offer and immediately started back up Poplar. When near Mayer's brewery Ernest said "If you fellows go back on me and prosecute me after I have given up the money I will kill every man that has a hand in it." They thought nothing of this as they fully intended to get in good faith with him. When they got back to the store it was arranged that Hickey and Cleary should proceed with him to his house south of Oak street, and that Stack should wait for them at the grocery. This he did. They went to the house, and Ernest told them he could not pay but half of the money back, as another fellow, whose name he would not give, was his accomplice, but that he would get it in the morning. He fumbled around and got something over \$10 and it was given to Mr. Hickey. The party then started back and Cleary and Ernest went down Swan instead of going back to the grocery and Hickey went on and told Stack of the fact. Mr. Stack then went down to Seventh to see if he could meet them anywhere. He supposes that Cleary went north on Seventh to Main and thence west to Fifth, and south to the place where he was shot. This could not have been the case however, as Wall Sibley was in the door of his saloon on 5th street south of the drug store and says that they did not pass going south.

turned and ordered men to watch the river bridges. He then ran down to Whitehouse's home. His mother, Mrs. Yates, said

HE HAD JUST BEEN THERE

for a moment and exchanged hats. Whether this was done as a blind or whether it is really true is not known.

He at once telegraphed to all the surrounding towns and an officer was sent to Sullivan on the supposition that probably Ernest had boarded the night train. Hunting was kept up all night but without success.

REWARDS

Councilman Schloss acting as Mayor, showed most commendable promptness in at once issuing the following order to councilmen

To the Marshal of the City of Terre Haute:

You are commanded to summon the following gentlemen, constituting the common council of said city, to meet in extra session at the council chamber of said city, on Friday, June 8th, at 10 o'clock p. m., to take action in regard to the assassination of John M. Cleary, deputy sheriff of Vigo county, to-wit: First ward—Philip Schloss, W. H. Scudder; Second ward—L. G. Hager, W. M. Slaughter; Third ward—T. B. Gilman, John R. Coffin; Fourth ward—W. W. Payne, Jesse H. Clutter; Fifth ward—J. B. Harris, Frank F. Smith; Sixth ward—P. Mohan and Henry Handick; and hereof make due service and return.

Witness my hand and the seal of the city, this 8th day of June A. D. 1877.

PHILIP SCHLOSS,

President pro tem of the common council of the city of Terre Haute.

The following resolutions were promptly adopted:

\$200 REWARD.

Resolved, That the sum of \$200 be, and the same is hereby appropriated out of any funds in the city treasury, not otherwise appropriated, as a reward to any person or persons, for the apprehension of Ernest Whitehouse, the alleged assassin of John M. Cleary, deputy sheriff of Vigo county, and an equal amount for his body.

Resolved, That the clerk be authorized to give public notice of this reward by publication in the newspapers of the city, and by posting hand bills.

Resolved, Further, that a copy of these resolutions be transmitted forthwith to the board of commissioners of Vigo county.

This morning the county commissioners offered a reward of \$300.

This makes a reward of \$500 in all.

OFFICIAL PREPARATIONS.

Chief Stack when at the house asked for a photograph of Ernest, which Mrs. Yates said she did not have. He searched the house and found one. It is a tin type taken with another, by named Milton. He is sitting down in the picture, and Ernest who appears well dressed, is standing up. The picture is a miserably poor one and hardly any likeness at all. It was taken by Mr. Kelley the photographer who made 150 copies of it which were pasted on postal cards containing the following

DESCRIPTION.

"\$500.00 will be paid for the arrest of Ernest Whitehouse, who murdered John Cleary, Deputy Sheriff, of Vigo County, Ind., on the evening of June 8, 1877. Age, about 20 years; about 5 feet 7 or 8 inches high; weighs about 130 pounds, very erect and quick in walking; dark complexion; dark hair, cut very short; smooth face, hazel eyes, dark clothes, white shirt, buckle shoes, had no hat on when last seen. Has served two years in penitentiary; known by railroad men as a newsboy.

Telegraph or address.

M. W. STACK, Chief of Police, Terre Haute, Ind."

The officers are confident of his arrest. He is so widely known that his escape will be almost impossible.

THE VICTIM.

Officer Cleary in the stern pursuit of his business necessarily made enemies but there was never a more generally popular officer than he. It is enough to say that he was an honest, educated Irishman with all the wealth of generosity and tender-heartedness which has

men from Wisconsin. The hon-
gentleman from Wisconsin smash-
the honorable gentleman from
ia, and hair stood up and coat tails
out. When the row had quieted
the honorable Speaker remarked:
was pretty good for the first time,
you didn't abuse each other

N. HENRY B. BANNING.

INS HIS POSITION WITH REGARD TO THE ARMY.

York, June 9.—A West Point let
Hon. Henry B. Banning of Ohio
his fellows on board of the Visitor
day. Upon arriving he was met
of the officers who asked him
meant by stating that officers at
their houses furnished at gov-
expense and in the most luxuri-
ous. Banning did not recollect
said that, in any speech in
Before he reached the hotel
spoken to about the matter and
opposition to the army in gen-
gentlemen who rode with
the stage and when he got to the
was accosted in the same man-
ner of his fellow members why
the Senators Blaine and Meritt
to talk the matter over with him
piazza: "I am beginning to think
been bull-dozed, the army has not
friend than I am!"

Banning leaves to-day for home.

FORD'S TAX COLLECTOR,

40,000 SHORT.

ford June 9.—Investigating com-
find the accounts of John Frany,
or of taxes, \$40,000 short. He
no deficiency bonds, for the office

TRUST CO'S FORGERY

York, June 9.—Charles Beckes
edrick Elliott, indicted for the for-
a \$64,000 check and passing it on
Trust Co., were taken to the
court chambers to-day on har-
borpus. Both were brought to
manacled, and when inside the
manacles were removed. In-
Elliott sprang to the door and
screamed in the crowd; and up to the
it has not been recaptured.
has been sent to all stations and
police are searching for him.

HANGED.

York, June 9.—At Danwiddle
House yesterday, Jack Fleasants,
hanged for the murder of Anna
April last. Both colored.
Apelousas, Louisiana, Louis Rous-
as hanged for the murder of Cy-
agnas, 13th of March last.

back, as another fellow, whose name he
would not give, was his accomplice, but
that he would get it in the morning. He
fumbled around and got something over
\$10 and it was given to Mr. Hickey.
The party then started back and Cleary
and Ernest went down Swan
instead of going back to
the grocery and Hickey went on and told
Stack of the fact. Mr. Stack then went
down to Seventh to see if he could meet
them anywhere. He supposes that Cleary
went north on Seventh to Main and
thence west to Fifth, and south to the
place where he was shot. This
could not have been the
case however, as Wall Sibley was
in the door of his saloon on 5th street
south of the drug store and says that they
did not pass going south.

Mr. Sibley says he heard a pistol shot
on the east side of 5th, midway between
the alley and Ohio street and looking
down saw two men. Very shortly after a
second shot was fired and he ran
down. Cleary said "Wall I am shot.
Catch that man." He was taken imme-
diately to the drug store where he took
off his coat and stretched himself out
on the counter. He became immediately
much prostrated. Dr. Link and others
were called who at once pronounced

THE WOUND FATAL.

The first shot entered the
abdomen above the navel, the
second severed the artery below the
arm pit and passed out behind. Rev.
Father McEvoy was summoned and ad-
ministered the sacrament of the Holy
Eucharist. His wife was also called and
the sufferings which both endured on
meeting is left to the imagination of all
who have hearts.

Deputy Sparks was called and at
once proceeded to take the
wounded man home at No. 36 north
Eleventh street. He was given whisky
and opiates freely, and after hours of ag-
ony finally got to sleep. This morning
he was perfectly rational and talked
freely, giving in substance what is printed
above, until about noon, when Dr. Link
advised him to keep quiet, and then no
one further was admitted to him.

THE PURSUIT.

After failing to meet Cleary at the
corner of Seventh, Chief Stack proce-
ded to the station house where he awaited
Cleary's return. He expected that they
would go out to hunt for the accomplice
that Whitehouse had mentioned, taking
them along with them.

When he heard the shots fired he ran
out to 5th. The fellow had run down the
alley back of St. Joseph's church and fir-
ed at the crowd which followed him. He
must have

GOITER HIS PISTOL.

at home when he was looking for the
money as he did not have one when ar-
rested. Officer Stack at once gave
chase, but losing sight of his man, re-

complexion; dark hair, out very short;
smooth face, hazel eyes, dark clothes,
white shirt, buckle shoes, had no hat on
when last seen. Has served two years
in penitentiary; known by railroad men
as a newsboy.

Telegraph or address.

M. W. STACK, Chief of Police,
Terre Haute, Ind."

The officers are confident of his arrest.
He is so widely known that his escape
will be almost impossible.

THE VICTIM.

Officer Cleary in the stern pursuit of
his business necessarily made enemies
but there was never a more generally
popular officer than he. It is enough to
say that he was an honest, educated
Irishman with all the wealth of generos-
ity and tender-heartedness which has
made that nation famous. He was about
35 years of age and was a native of Ire-
land. He has been deputy sheriff and
one of the most active men in the service
for three years. He has one child two
years old.

WHITEHOUSE.

The career of this boy is remarkable.
He is a living paradox. He knocks all
the aphorisms of nineteenth centuries in
the head and completely sets at variance
Sunday School doctrine. He is the first
hard working, economical, prompt boy
who has developed preternatural
magnanimity. To-day he is looked on as the
second Lucifer; as the most bloodthirsty
young villain in the entire Wabash valley.
Remarkable as it may seem he was for
years held up as a shining light. Many
parents—some of whom have acknowl-
edged the fact to-day to our reporter—
have pointed out Earnest
Whitehouse as a boy
who would some day make his mark
in the world. He has, but it is the
blackened path of a murderer's bullet.
He was the first boot black who ever
came to Terre Haute and regularly be-
gan business. He seemed honest and he
was very economical and exercised almost
herculean energy. Many gentlemen
will remember him. He was universally
commended. He made large numbers
of appointments at certain hours in the
day or night to meet gentlemen and pol-
ish their boots and always responded
promptly. He also supported his mother
by his efforts, bought a lot and at one
time had \$700 in the bank. He
worked early and late, spent little
and made such good earnings that, though
but a boot-black, he was honored for his
industry and frugality. His criminal ca-
reer, though commenced early, has been
extensive and chequered. He was sent
twice to the reformatory and each time
escaped. He was once arrested at the
depot and put in jail.

He is remembered very distinctly on
occasion by Ye gay GAZETTEER.

That emissary of this paper went down

(Continued on Fifth Page.)

Jauriet & Co. offer 600 pure linen hemstitched handkerchiefs at fifteen cents; the quality of which are equal to any offered at fifty cents, at the Marble Palace.

DR. M. APPLEBY

A Brooklyn girl recently "experienced religion" under one of Talmages sermons and the next day ordered a new silk dress, hat, &c, and then, after putting extra stuffing in her bustle, informed her mother that she was prepared for her religious duties and never intended to miss a Sunday at church when the weather was fine.

Gazette.

More of Ernest Whitehouse And the Mattox Tragedy

Crime & Criminals (TH)

6/8/75

By DOROTHY J. CLARK

Last week's column dealt with the publication of 1877 entitled "Ernest Whitehouse; The Modern Dick Turpin." His escape after shooting Deputy Sheriff John Cleary was well chronicled as the posse chased him across the river into Illinois with hairs-breadth near misses, and whether true or not, makes for interesting reading. This would make interesting research for a modern-day criminology student, and I would like to know what really did happen to the murderer.

A chapter was devoted to the cause for the life of crime taken up by young Whitehouse. The authors Ebel and Murphy attributed his delinquency to associates. At one time he was a quiet, industrious boy, working hard to help support his widowed mother and brother and sisters. He used to rise early, and build office fires for gentlemen in the city, and the rest of the day he devoted to blacking boots and selling papers. It was said that he often made as high as four and five dollars per day at this kind of work.

But when he grew older he obtained a place on the railroad as train-boy, and there first commenced his bad habits.

A great many local citizens blamed his mother, and THE GAZETTE went so far as to say that from her he obtained his disposition to commit crime. One of the authors called on Mrs. Yates several times and described her home at 512 S. 8th St. as small, one-story house with a beautiful yard in front, full of flowers and shrubbery. She was described as middle-aged, dressed plain and neatly, and quite talkative on any subject except her son Ernest.



DOROTHY J. CLARK

She told how he was a changed boy when he returned from the penitentiary. He worked at the Car Works until there was reduction in employment and he was thrown out of work. She blamed the police for not helping him but always shadowing him and ready to accuse him of any crime.

After he shot Cleary, the police accused him of committing the Mattox murder. This crime took place May 2, 1877, at about 9:30 p.m., when Mr. Adam C. Mattox, a cooper, who lived at 454 N. 7th St., was passing along Chestnut Street on his return from the grocery. As he reached the mouth of the alley which runs from Eagle to Chestnut, in the rear of the residence of Judge A. B. Carlton, he was assaulted by some unknown person or persons who seized him by the throat, forced him to the ground, robbed him of watch and pocket book, shot him in the abdomen, and left him lying in the dust, mortally wounded.

David S. Sammis who was sitting at the window, on the southwest corner of 6th and Chestnut, heard the pistol shot, followed by a cry of agony from the victim. He hurried to the spot and found Mr. Mattox helpless and insensible. Sammis ran to the residence of Robert Thomas, adjoining that of Judge Carleton, where he found John E. Lamb, who was spending the evening with

Continued on Page 6, Col. 1.

Dorothy Clark

Continued From Page 4.

the Thomas family.

Together they returned to the scene where a crowd had gathered. Some one brought a lamp and by its light Mr. Lamb recognized the dying man and called him by name. Mattox came to and asked if the robber had been caught. He was able to answer questions, but did not know his assailant. Lamb and Sammis carried Mattox to the Thomas residence where he was placed on a couch in the front parlor. Dr. L. J. Willien was summoned and after examination learned Mattox had a short time to live. Pr. John E. Link and Dr. John D. Mitchell also were summoned and gave the same medical opinion to the family. Mattox died the following day at noon, aged forty years, proprietor of the Prairie City Cooper Shops on N. 8th St.

The heavy silk watch guard was found near the spot the next day. The pistol was found in the alley the next morning. It was a three dollar pistol, .28 caliber, nearly new, with one chamber empty.

Police officers Vandever, Gibson and Downey arrested Dan Russell and his partner, George Willard, on suspicion of murder. The City Council offered a reward of \$500 and as time went on the rewards totaled \$5,000. But all efforts to apprehend the murderer were in vain.

These two crimes, on May 2 and June 8, 1877, were the talk of the town for many months and evidently the two printers, Ebel and Murphy, saw an opportunity to "make a buck or two" by printing the full account of the happenings embellished with a little "schmaltz" so prevalent in the writings of that day.

It certainly cost them nothing to print the pamphlet because of the full page advertisements included in the publication. Fenner & Lotze, dealers in stoves, etc., at 311 Main St., included a picture of a cookstove similar to the one in the kitchen of the Paul Dresser birthplace. "Terre Haute" Riddle, the jeweler, advertised his store at 517 Main St. Jeffers, Sheesley & Co. owned the Vigo Woolen Mills at the corner of 10th and Main.

The Terre Haute Cent Store sold notions and fancy goods. The Wabash Flouring Mills, corner Main and Water streets, was owned by Kidder and Donmeyer. Regan & Best, 503 Main Street offered the best and cheapest wines in the city. Described as "one of the most select places in town where private apartments are furnished gentlemen who can enjoy to the fullest extent a glass of wine or a nice cool glass of beer." Harry A. Dodson, dealer in rags, old iron, copper, brass, zinc, old bones, hides, feathers, chickens, etc., was located at 1222 E. Main St. The Republican paper of Vigo County, THE SATURDAY COURIER, was advertised by its editor J. O. Hardesty. Mrs. Humaston ran a bakery at 30 S. 4th St. were ice cream was only ten cents a dish. Mrs. C. J. Adams owned the dry goods and notions store at the northeast corner of 13th and Main. Traveling men were urged to stop at the Mayer's House, 1st St., between Main and Ohio, at the western terminus of the street railroad, where the fare was only one dollar per day.

Community Affairs File

REFERENCE

VIGO COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY

TS APR 9 1978

By Dorothy Clark

Crime • Criminals (T#)
**A sequel to the story
of Ernest Whitehouse . . .**

Community Affairs File



A former column told the story of Ernest Whitehouse, local convicted robber, who escaped the law after shooting former sheriff John Cleary.

His exploits while eluding capture filled the newspapers for months and his notoriety became the news sensation of a century ago.

The sequel to the story ended with the death of Cleary at his home, 12 S. 11th St., on the morning of April 9, 1892. The supposed chills that caused his death at the age of 48 years were brought on by the bullet that the deceased had carried in his stomach for 14 years.

During his public service he was shot four times by Whitehouse, and one of the shots entered his stomach. The ball was never recovered, and it was thought to have caused his death. He had had such an attack about a year previously.

A powerful man of genial temperament and many friends, John Cleary was born in County Limerick, Ireland, on March 27, 1844. He emigrated to this country and to Terre Haute in 1866.

First engaged in butchering, he was next employed at the E. & C. Railroad freight house. His fellow workers told of some of his feats of strength. Described as remarkably active and agile, he was a powerful man although rather slimly built. He frequently lifted a whole barrel of cider, catching hold by either end and lifted it up and placed it on another barrel and then lifted it down again.

Unexcelled in lifting and moving heavy articles which passed through the freight house, Cleary was still better at jumping. From a standing start, he often jumped with ease entirely over the opening left in the freight house for the railroad cars when sent in to be loaded.

Cleary had been a Deputy Sheriff for about three years when the Roberts & Hickey grocery store at Eighth and Poplar streets was robbed. The thief had gone in through a window transom and stolen \$10.

Patrick Hickey, one of the grocers, suspected Whitehouse, aged 20, who lived with his mother, Mrs. E. Yates, on South Seventh Street south of Oak. The transom was very small and Whitehouse was very slender and frequented the store.

Described as 5 feet, 7 or 8 inches, 130 pounds, very erect and quick in walking, dark complexion, dark hair cut very short, smooth face, hazel eyes, dark clothes, white shirt, buckle shoes and not wearing a hat when last seen, Whitehouse had served two years in the penitentiary and was known by railroad men as a newsboy.

Young Whitehouse, strange as it seemed later, was pointed out as an exemplary boy to be emulated by other lads. He attended Sunday School, was neat, prompt, honest, an industrious, hard-working boy who supported his mother as a bootblack and errand boy. He saved his money, and at one time had \$700 in the bank.

As a teenager, he was sent twice to the State Reformatory, and each time escaped. He was once arrested at the depot for thievery and sent to the county jail. For more serious crimes he was arrested by Cleary and sentenced to serve two years at Jeffersonville Prison.

Following the murder of the elderly Mr. Mattox, who had served on the jury when Whitehouse was convicted, Dr. Link stated that he believed Whitehouse was guilty of that murder because he had sworn vengeance.

The same with Cleary, reports were that Whitehouse shot him deliberately in the abdomen just above the navel, and when Cleary still would not turn him loose, shot him in the chest, the bullet passing through the armpit.

On June 3, 1877, Whitehouse was arrested near the National House by Cleary and taken to Chief Stack's office. The officers told him they had a witness who saw him go over the transom, but if he would confess and return the money they would release him.

They took him back to the scene of the crime, the grocery store, and then talked some more in the watch house on the E. & C. Railroad crossing at Poplar Street.

Finally, Whitehouse said, "Well, I will come to time." So they started back up Poplar Street. Near Meyer's Brewery, Whitehouse said, "If you fellows go back on me and prosecute me after I have given up the money, I will kill every man that has a hand in it."

Proceeding to Whitehouse's home, he fumbled around and got the money for Mr. Hickey. Hickey and Stack went to the grocery, and Cleary and his prisoner went down Swan Street.

Wall Sibley was standing in the door of his saloon on Fifth Street, south of the drug store, when he heard shots and saw two men on the east side of Fifth midway between the alley and Ohio. Badly wounded, Cleary was taken to the drug store where he took off his coat and stretched himself out on the counter.

Dr. Link was called and pronounced his wounds as fatal. The first shot entered the abdomen, the second severing the artery below the armpit and passed out behind. The Rev. Father McEvoy was summoned to administer the last rites, and Cleary's wife was called.

Deputy Sparks took the wounded man to his home, where he was given whisky and opiates freely. After hours of agony, he finally fell asleep.

When Chief Stack heard the shots, he ran to Fifth Street, saw Whitehouse running down the alley back of St. Joseph's Church firing at the crowd which pursued him. While getting the money at his home, he had apparently managed to get a revolver also.

Cleary struggled between life and death for several weeks before his strong constitution asserted itself and he came out of the ordeal a comparatively well man. From that day until his death he carried that leaden bullet. Cleary's brother came from Chicago to help care for him, the wife and small son.

He recovered sufficiently during the following year to capture his would-be murderer, although in doing so he received two more bullet wounds.

On May 3, 1878, nearly a year later, Whitehouse, who proved to be as elusive as the Irishman's flea, and had led law officers of Indiana and Illinois a merry chase while a fugitive, was cornered in the home of Mr. Kintz, at Fifth and Eagle streets. Chief Black, Dan Fasig, Cleary, Vandever and Buckingham surrounded the house.

Whitehouse caught sight of Cleary and reportedly shot him twice, once in the leg and once in the head. Despite his wounds, Cleary closed in on the fugitive and pluckily grappled with him. With assistance, Whitehouse was captured, but he gave Cleary all the credit declaring him the "nerviest officer he had ever seen."

Cleary loved horse racing and missed very few Derby Days at Louisville, Ky. He had a happy faculty for picking winners, and "his opinion and knowledge of turf matters was frequently sought."

WHITEHOUSE)
ERNEST
Vigo County Public Library
REFERENCE
DO NOT CIRCULATE
Community Affairs File

1877 "Yellow Journalism": The Whitehouse Story

4/1/75
By DOROTHY J. CLARK

Two printers employed by the local newspaper DAILY EXPRESS joined forces and published on their own a small pamphlet entitled "Ernest Whitehouse; The Modern Dick Turpin." This was in 1877, and according to the city directory Charles O. Ebel, printer, resided at 219 S. 2nd St. His partner, Marion A. Murphy, printer, boarded at Mayers House, 29 S. 1st St.

A copy of this example of "yellow journalism" was found by a local book collector who loaned it to me and suggested the facts stated in the book might be checked out for accuracy. The flyleaf stated the story was "a sketch of his life, the shooting of Deputy Sheriff John Cleary, the flight, pursuit, and escape into Embarrass swamps, with romantic sketches connected with the young desperado."

The story begins on the banks of the thickly wooded Embarrass river, the Dismal swamp of Illinois, on a quiet evening in June, the year 1877. The hunted fugitive was described as young, not more than 20, dark eyes, dark hair, slight figure, armed with two revolvers, and desperate with a savage look in his eyes.

The first chapter deals with his successful escape and hiding from lawmen in a cave. Detective Gibson mentioned in the posse might have been Eleazor Gibson, 1222 S. 1st St., listed as a policeman.

Chapter Two begins: "The city of Terre Haute was thrown into a wonderful commotion on the evening of Friday, June 8th. John Cleary, deputy sheriff, had been shot down in the street at nine o'clock in



DOROTHY J.
CLARK

the evening. The crime was a strange one, sudden and to a great extent overhung with mystery until some time afterward. The officer had a prisoner, young Ernest Whitehouse, in charge, and had him under arrest for some hours. He, in company with Chief of Police Stack, met Whitehouse, and as he passed him on Sixth street, at the National Hotel, called to him that he wanted to see him. The young man at once turned. The officers at once took him under arrest, telling him that he must go with them to the station house. Once there he openly accused

him of burglarizing the store of Patrick Hickey on Poplar street."

"Whitehouse," said Cleary, "you know you did it. Confess and it will be easier with you."

"I'll tell you the truth," said Whitehouse, after an apparent mental struggle. "I did steal the money but I don't want to go up for it."

"Cleary considered an instant. 'Well, Whitehouse, I'll tell you, if you will return the money, we'll let you go.'"

The three set off to find Hickey, the man from whom the money was stolen, and he was willing to drop charges if the money was returned. Cleary and Hickey went with the young thief to get the stolen money hidden at his home on Eighth street under a floor board. Ten dollars and a half were recovered, and Whitehouse agreed to find his accomplice and get the rest of the money.

Hickey went back to his store and told Stack that Cleary had gone with Whitehouse to find the other party, proceeding up 7th St. Stack at once set out after them, but was unable to find them and went on the station house to wait for them.

According to the account, "the deputy and his prisoner had gone up 7th St., west on Ohio to 5th St., and while crossing 6th St., Whitehouse asked Cleary to smoke, offering some cigars . . . Cleary declined. All this time he had been revolving in his mind the idea of enticing Whitehouse to some light place where he could disarm him, as he felt almost sure he had a pistol. When they arrived at the corner of the street, Cleary asked his prisoner to step down to Sibley's saloon, and take a cigar. Instantly he saw his mistake. Before the thought had flashed through his mind, fairly, the young desperado exclaimed, 'G..d..n you, you refused to take a cigar from me, and now you want me to go to a saloon to take a cigar with you. You are lying to me!'"

As he said this, he threw his left hand back, drew his revolver from his hip pocket,

Continued On Page 10, Col. 2.

Community Affairs File

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good Father McEvoy, and was taken home, his death momentarily expected."

"The police were at once notified, the bridges were guarded, the outside towns telegraphed, and every precaution to insure arrest. But for all this he escaped. He went at once to his mother's house, took another pistol, and a box of cartridges, and was gone around the corner of the house just as three policemen came in to see if he was at home. This was one theory of his escape; another was that he left the house disguised as a girl, just as the officers came in. A few days after the crime his mother smilingly remarked to a friend that it would be strange indeed if that 'young lady' who left the house that night was Ernest Whitehouse. It was also thought for a time that he was staying about the city dressed in girl's clothing which had been furnished him by his mother and sweetheart, the latter a young lady of respectability, holding a high position in the public schools, who was almost crazed with grief upon hearing of his crime . . ."

How do the facts in the story check out with the city directory? I found his mother had remarried and was Mrs. Emma Yates, 512 S. 8th St. There was no clue as to his schoolteacher sweetheart. There were 90 grocery stores listed in the city, but none on Poplar street run by Patrick Hickey. He was listed as a conductor and living at 801 Swan St. I could find no Sibley's saloon, and there was Whitehouse listed. The Stack Bros., Michael W. and Patrick W., were proprietors of the Exchange Hotel, 1009

Chestnut St., neither was listed as chief of police. Father McEvoy was the assistant pastor at St. Joseph's church.

The City Council was called together the night of the murder and offered a reward of \$200. The following day the County Commissioners offered \$300, and Sheriff George W. Cariso added \$100 from his own pocket. \$500 reward for young Whitehouse, a juvenile delinquent and accomplished thief at the age of sixteen. He was the first bootblack in Terre Haute, and became a bell boy at the National House until he stole a large sum of money from a commercial traveler and left the city. After he returned to the city he continued his life of crime by housebreakings until he was caught by the police and jailed.

During an interview with a newspaperman at the jail he gave the turnkey the slip, shook off the deputy, and leaping the gate ran like a deer. After being caught, he was taken to Jeffersonville, where he served out the two years of his sentence. He had returned to Terre Haute in February, and was supposedly "converted" at revival meetings and trying to find work in St. Louis or Terre Haute without success. This was probably the first crime since his return. His whole life after the age of 15 was devoted to crime. Stories were told of his daring deviltry, the most spectacular of his actions was the running into the streets when he was only four years of age to stop running horses. His fleetness of foot was given as the reason he was so hard to catch in crime.

Next week's column will tell more of the Whitehouse tale and the other tragedy of crime which happened in Terre Haute, "The Mattox Tragedy," which is the concluding chapter of the century-old pamphlet written by Ebel and Murphy.

Dorothy Clark

Continued From Page 4.

and fired twice, the first shot taking effect in the stomach, the second in the shoulder. The young villain turned and ran with a crowd at his heels, endeavoring to overtake him. He dashed into an alley, turning south from Ohio street, and firing at his pursuers, sprang away into the darkness. The wounded man was given absolution by the

CREEK TRUSTEES AND TEACHERS ACT.

Resolutions of Respect For Miss Ida Finkelstein.

The teachers and trustees of Lost Creek township, Vigo county, Indiana, hereby to express our most sincere respect and regard for our deceased teacher in education, Miss Ida Finkelstein, whose death occurred Monday night, Feb. 1, 1903, as a result of the most horrible blooded massacre ever known in this county and committed by a colored man whose bloody work was avenged by a mob of cool-headed but emphatically determined citizens the day following the murder.

Whereas it has pleased the Most High to take from us our beloved associate and friend, and relieve her of her intense sorrow, be it hereby Resolved, That we as factors in the cause of education fully realize the loss sustained by us and the school of our township in the death of this excellent teacher whose cheerful countenance and modest temperament has won our unanimous gratitude;

That, as our floral emblem suggests, we are as a harp with one of its four strings broken, thereby destroying the melody and marring the symphony which were always occasioned by her presence and influence in meetings incident to our chosen profession; That, knowing the facts as we do in reference to her bereaved mother, brothers and sisters, we wish to assure them that this gem of inestimable price will ever sparkle with its superb brilliancy in our memories as long as God in his infinite greatness shields us from oblivion, and calls us to join her in His holy presence. And be it further resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be published with the hope and desire that the host of friends and relatives of this model young lady and teacher may fully know of our love and feeling for her, and know not when we shall meet such another.

Most sincerely and earnestly we unanimously adopt the above.
The Teachers and Trustees of Lost Creek Township.

MURDER PREMEDITATED.

Says Thomas Tetzel a Shop Mate
of the Colored Murderer.

Thos. Tetzel, an employe in the car works where Ward worked says that the murder was premeditated and that Ward went out to the golf grounds purposely to lie in wait for Miss Finkelstein. In an interview Tetzel said that he knew Ward well, that he worked next to him at the cupola at the soft foundry and that when Ward came to work he "jollied" him and asked him if he was not the man who

ordered the girl out where he goes hunting.

Ward acknowledged he had been hunting but said he had gone in another direction. He always goes to that locality squirrels, but there are no squirrels here he laid in wait for the young girl. Tetzel is quoted as saying:

"I know a man who saw him sitting here in that treetop two hours before he murdered the girl. Now what was he doing there? I know that country by the back, and there isn't a squirrel den within quarter of a mile of that place. He knew that the girl came across there very afternoon for I've heard him mention having seen her when he had been hunting out that way. And he was that kind of a coon, too. He was always talking about women—seemed like his mind was run on such things all the time."

"No, he wasn't crazy, not a bit crazier than you are. He was never in the asylum, at least not that I know of, and I knew him for a good while. He was a peculiar sort of a fellow in some ways, but not half so much so as lots of white people I know that have never been suspected of being crazy. Oh you can't tell me—I knew him and so did the rest of the boys," (the car works employes,) "and if that gang hadn't got him at noon we would have fixed him tonight. We would have raised a subscription to get him and pour a little hot iron on him. That was the trouble with them—they killed him too quick. If we could have got at him, us and the rolling mill boys, we would have given him as near what he deserved as he could get in this world."

It is evident that the negro was none too popular with his shop mates and would have met a worse fate had he been left to their hands.

It is now generally accepted that the murder of Miss Finkelstein was planned by Ward for he had often spoken of her to his fellow workmen and those who knew him four and six years back say he was good natured, but he would steal and was a fool over women.

At Seelyville about four years ago he was employed as a house servant by Mrs. Julia Erlich and was discharged one evening when found under the daughter's

bed. He said in explanation that he was looking for a drink of water. One of the family said he always kept a sharp knife about his person and one or two occasions knocked his sweetheart down as she was leaving church. She was employed in the same house as dining room girl.

ANONYMOUS LETTER.

Sheriff Fasig this morning received an anonymous letter threatening his life unless the leaders of the mob are arrested within sixty hours. The letter was sent from Chicago and the postmark shows it was mailed in that city at 4:30 p. m. yesterday. It is poorly written, portions of it being almost illegible.

WARD'S WIFE TALKS.

Mrs. Ruth Ward, wife of the murderer, has been staying with her sister, Mrs. McDougall, of south Second street, since the death of her husband. She was seen this morning by a Gazette reporter and vigorously denied several statements attributed to her by the local morning newspaper. She says the only statement she has made for publication was to a Gazette reporter who interviewed her at police headquarters Tuesday afternoon, an hour or two after the lynching of her husband. In that statement she referred to her marriage and her husband's conduct on the night of the crime. She also denied the statement that he had been in the insane asylum.

Charles Roberts, father of Mrs. Ward, was with his daughter this morning when the Gazette representative called. He admitted that he advised his daughter not to marry Ward, but said his objections were solely upon the ground that they had not known each other long enough. Ward had only lived here a short time and was almost a stranger to his daughter when she married him. Mr. Roberts lives on a farm north of the city and will take his daughter home with him in a few days.

Mrs. Ward says she called on a neighbor Monday evening and when she came home her husband was already in the house and had the doors locked. This

was nothing unusual, however, she says as he always locked the doors when he was alone and cautioned her to do the same. She noticed that his thumb was bleeding and explained that he hurt his hand while climbing over a barbed-wire fence. She noticed nothing unusual in his conduct and says he ate a hearty meal and went to bed early.

Mrs. Ward denies that her husband ever treated her cruelly and says she never had a thought of leaving him. During his incarceration in jail, after his arrest for burglary, she did not go to her parent's home, but secured employment and supported herself and child until her husband was released. Mr. Roberts also denies that he ever advised his daughter to secure a divorce.

Ward told his wife his parents died when he was very young and he was raised by his grandmother at Circleville, O. During his five years' residence here he worked at different times at the rolling mill, the car works and the Filbeck house where he was employed as a porter. He also worked for a short time in a coal mine at Seelyville.

Mrs. Ward says her husband received an injury at the car works two or three weeks ago which was followed by severe headaches. He accidentally bumped his head violently against a heavy timber and suffered so much pain that he quit work for a week. After that he frequently complained of a pain in his head and several times his wife found him sitting alone apparently in deep study. For the past week or two he was in the habit of filling his shot gun every night before he went to bed and seemed to prize the weapon above anything else he possessed.

It has been stated that Mrs. Ward suspected her husband of criminally assaulting a woman in this city last September, but this she denies. Miss Whittle, of Rockville, was the victim of the assault with a light penalty. We don't have to and she told the police she was attacked by an unknown colored man and woman to print with some talk on the subject. It is at Twenty-fifth and Main streets. Mrs. Ward says she and her husband discussed the case but she never accused him of the crime as he was at home all evening with the exception of five minutes when he went to the grocery store. The statement that Ward made a partial confession to his wife and that she found blood on the pillow case the following morning is emphatically denied by Mrs. Ward.

WIFE GETS SHOT GUN.

When Ward was arrested the police found \$6.97 in his possession and this morning the money, together with his shot gun, hunting coat and game bag, was turned over to his wife. If Mrs. Ward is disposed she can sell the gun to good advantage as several relic hunters have offered to pay double its value for the weapon. The pocketknife with which Ward stabbed Miss Finkelstein will be kept by the police. A Main street business man wanted to exhibit the knife in his show window but the police refused to accommodate him.

CORONER'S VERDICT.

Coroner Willis said this morning it would be several days before he would have his verdict ready in the Ward case. He expects to examine a great many wit-

nesses to fix the responsibility for the negro's death if possible.

THREATS AGAINST HARMON.

Referring to the report in circulation Tuesday a mob was coming from Brazil to hang Samuel Harmon. The Brazil Miner says: "It can be said that the murder of the Finkelstein girl and the lynching of her murderer at Terre Haute, aroused some of the feeling which prevailed against Samuel Harmon at the time he shot Reynolds."

Frequent threats were made on the streets against Harmon and the large number of Brazil people who went to Terre Haute yesterday caused the authorities considerable uneasiness and it was decided to move Harmon.

LIVED IN HOUSE WITH WARD.

Mrs. James Monroe, widow of Jim Monroe, the former Ohio street colored barber who was killed by a street car several years ago, lives at 1614 Spruce street in the front room of the four room house that was occupied by George Ward, the murderer of Miss Finkelstein. She was seen at her home this morning and said to a Gazette writer:

"I have only lived here for three months, but all I saw of Ward was that he was a sober and peaceable citizen. He was the last man I would suppose would be guilty of the fearful crime that he committed. He was never drunk around the house and never showed any temper. I never heard him abuse his wife in any way while I lived here. He attended the colored Methodist church over on the corner once in a while and I am told that he was there last Sunday night while his wife stayed home and attended to the children. Early Tuesday morning (that was the next morning after the murder) I heard Ward crossing the porch going to his work at the car shops. His wife left Tuesday morning to go to the house of Mrs. McDougall, her sister, on south Second street and she has never been back here since. I cannot say whether she suspected her husband or not, as I have not seen her since."

The colored woman next door to Ward's, who appeared to be quite intelligent, said: "The colored people believe the law ought to have taken its course and that Ward ought to have been hanged legally."

A WELL-KNOWN COLORED MAN.
Robert Cruikup, of south Fourth street, one of the leading colored men of the city, said to a Gazette writer:

"The colored people of Terre Haute, so far as I can learn, approve the lynching of Ward and think he received his just deserts. The only part of the mob's work that they do not approve was the burning of the body. Much of this feeling arises from the notorious fact that the courts do not do their duty and that many murderers have escaped punishment. The loopholes are many and there was a feeling that something might prevent the hanging of Ward. This is what undoubtedly inspired the mob to do its work. I have not heard any complaint from the colored people on the mob's work, outside of the burning."

WHERE IT FELT SHORT.

A leading white citizen said today: "I do not fully approve of the work of the mob. It ought to have burned Ward alive instead of dead. A great mistake was made there."

SOME PLAIN TALK.

A heavy taxpayer who has a large business on Main street was outspoken in his approval of the work of the mob. He said this morning in a talk with a Gazette writer:

"I am surprised at all this twaddle about Terre Haute being disgraced because the mob outraged the law in lynching Ward. How many times has the law outraged the people of Terre Haute? Could anybody keep track of the number of times in the past twenty-five years that the Vigo courts have outraged the citizens by turning murderers loose entirely or Rockville, was the victim of the assault with a light penalty. We don't have to go back far. I see Judge Piety breaks in by an unknown colored man and woman to print with some talk on the subject. It is at Twenty-fifth and Main streets. Mrs. Ward says she and her husband discussed the case but she never accused him of the crime as he was at home all evening with the exception of five minutes when he went to the grocery store. The statement that Ward made a partial confession to his wife and that she found blood on the pillow case the following morning is emphatically denied by Mrs. Ward."

THE CAR HE TOOK.

Supt. M. F. Burke, of the street railway, said this morning: "Word got on the street car 12 at 2:54 Tuesday afternoon at Nineteenth and Main to go east and got off at 3 o'clock at Fruit Ridge avenue. Dennis Ryan was conductor and John R. Brewster motor-man. He had his gun with him and spoke to several men on the car, saying he was going hunting."

TROUBLE OVER REWARD.

As stated by the Gazette yesterday a controversy has arisen over the reward offered for the capture of Miss Finkel-

stein's murderer. The sheriff and police say the arrest was made upon information furnished by a colored man, a neighbor of Ward, and that he is entitled to the reward. J. B. Gallagher, the north Sixteenth street grocer, is also after the

Collector

by Taxes



Another picture of Ward. This also the Gazette is accurate—The part of blade it does not vouch for neck by surgeons.

that taken from Miss Finkelstein's



BUFF KAUFMAN AND DAN FASIG
two K. of P. minstrel stars—From photo-
graph taken by the Gazette.
**FIRST APPEARANCE
ON THE STAGE.**

Dan Fasig Tells How it Feels to
be an Actor.

Dan Fasig, who scored a big hit in the K. of P. minstrel performance, was never on the stage before and he describes his initial appearance before the footlights as follows:

"At 3 o'clock Wednesday afternoon," said Mr. Fasig yesterday, "I went to the restaurant and ate a light lunch. Afterwards I went to the dressing room in the opera house. Then I began reciting all the jokes arranged for me. I went over them at least a half dozen times. I had a number of good ones and figured what a hit they would make. I sang my song over several times, joked with the boys and felt very brave. Just before my time to go on I had lots of courage, and said to myself that I would go before the audience, pay attention to no one and make no breaks. I had set my mind on it. Now this is true what I say. I had not taken three steps on the stage when everything, jokes, songs and speeches, had passed out of my head and I was gulping down large lumps that came into my throat. I made a mistake in the first words I spoke. The perspiration was rolling off my face in bucketfuls and it felt to me as if all the black was coming off my face. A thousand thoughts passed through my mind in a minute. A million faces seemed to be within three inches of my face. When Mr. Beal introduced me to sing I couldn't for the life of me think of the words. Instead of starting on the first verse of the song I started on the second and mixed the third and first verses. The first easy breath I drew after I stepped on the stage was when the boys in the gallery broke into the chorus of my song and detracted the attention of the audience. I tell you stage fright is an awful sickness and no one knows only those who have passed through it."

MINSTRELS TONIGHT

HEAVY TICKET SALE AND A
GALLERY RUSH PROMIS-
ED.

A PACKED HOUSE ASSURED

City Sidewalks Painted With An-
nouncements of the At-
traction.

If any one was in doubt this morning as to when the ushers were going to give their minstrel performance, they have no reason to be in doubt this evening, as the enterprising boys have painted the town. It is white this time instead of red. White because that color will wash off and not stain the sidewalks where it has been abundantly used. When Terre Haute citizens walked to their business this morning, they were greeted by large white letters on the sidewalk at every corner, announcing "Ushers' minstrels tonight," or "Ushers' minstrels tonight, \$1.00, 75c, 50c and 25c."

No one should get the impression that the production they will witness will not be worth the price paid for admission, because it is a benefit. In fact, no show equal to this has been seen in Terre Haute at the prices if the impressions one gains at the rehearsals may be taken for anything.

New scenery, new costumes and every-thing new in the line of specialties and jokes will make the production entertain-ling from start to finish.

There are three reasons why the boys should have the largest house of the season. It is the first opportunity for those who have been keeping Lent; the boys have served the public faithfully and courteously, and only ask this small reward in return, and the production they offer is one which in its excellence costs much time, money and painstaking labor on the part of the young artists who present it.

The jokes which are so necessary to the success of the show are known only to the end men and the interlocutor, so the audience must not be surprised if the chorus joins in the convulsions with which the spectators will suffer during this part of the program. Their particular complaint is that they are tired from pain, however.

The entire production is under the direction of Roy Lawrence and Charles N. Stewart, with Dayton C. Payne as musical director. The executive staff consists of Frank Plsbeck, president; Leon Goodman, treasurer, and Marion Heustis, secretary.

The program for the first part is as follows:

Interlocutor—Charles N. Stewart.
Tambos—Roy Lawrence, Harry Bodewin, Charles Ryan and John Steel.
Bones—Jimmy Carlos, James Sankey, Joe Williams and Marion Heustis.
Opening Chorus—Entire company.
Mandy Lee—Ushers' Quartette.
I'm Goin' to Start a Little Graveyard of My Own—Jimmy Carlos.

She's Mine, All Mine—Will Steincamp.
Oh! Oh! Miss Phoebe—Roy Lawrence.
Eyes of Blue—Will Hogue.

The second edition is arranged as follows:

Interlocutor—Charles N. Stewart.
Tambos—Harry Miller, Harry Bodewin, Charlie Ryan, John Steel.
Bones—George Schaal, Jim Sankey, Joe Williams, Marion Heustis.
Give Me Back My Liza, Coon! Coon! Coon—George Schaal.

"Gold Will Buy Most Anything but a True Girl's Heart"—George Mains.

Concluding with Cobb & Barnes' latest success, entitled "Dolly Gray," sung by Masters Max and Sam Schaal, introducing company B.

The olio is the strongest ever presented in any amateur performance, comprising the following well-known artists:

Frank Waldele, German comedian, in his wooden shoe dance.

Nell Parrott and Roy Lawrence, in their latest comedy sketch, entitled "The Quick Mr. Slow," introducing their latest coon songs.

Frank Hall, song and dance artist.

Barr and Bowerman, in their musical comedy sketch with new music and new

than three hours after the arrest of this man he was in the hands of the mob. I give you this information that you may draw an idea of the temper of the people. I am satisfied that had one shot been fired from the inside of the jail into the mob they would have killed every person in the building. I used every precaution at my command to save the life of this prisoner and fully believed I would be able to get him to Indianapolis as I did not think nor believe that any earnest attempt would be made before night.

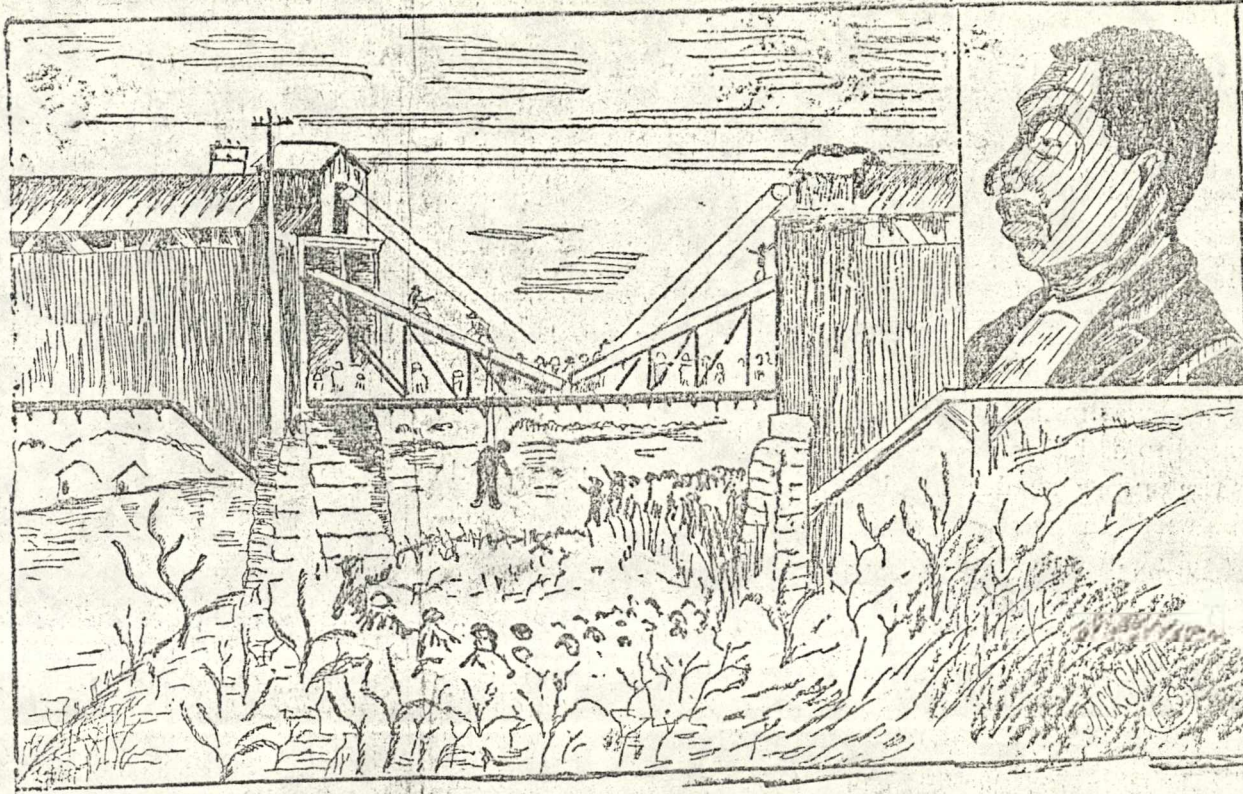
Thanking your Excellency for your offer of assistance I beg to remain

Very respectfully,

DANIEL FASIG,

Sheriff of Vigo County.

SCENE AT THE TERRE HAUTE LYNCHING.



As the Indianapolis Press Artist sketched it. The Press says:

"The body of Murderer Ward strug from the old bridge over the Wabash. The X on the ground below the bridge shows the spot where the body was burned."

THE LYNCHING OF WARD COULD NOT BE PREVENTED.

REPORT MADE BY SHERIFF FASIG TO GOVERNOR DURBIN.

TRIED TO PROTECT PRISONER

Anonymous Letter Received by
Sheriff Threatening His Life
If Lynchers are Not
Arrested.

MURDERER'S WIFE TALKS.

She Denies Several Statements
Attributed to Her—Belief That
Murder Was Premeditated.

Indianapolis, Feb. 23.—(Gazette special.)—Governor Durbin this morning received a letter from Sheriff Fasig. In it the sheriff gives a detailed report of the all night search for the murderer of Ida Finkelstein and his capture in the morning. He gives an account of the conclusive proofs of the guilt of the negro, George Ward, discovered and of his confession. Following this is an account of the efforts to protect the prisoner from violence, of the preparations to take him out of the city and of the sudden and wholly unexpected assault on the jail and the lynching of the prisoner. It was not believed violence would be attempted after dark and before that the prisoner would be removed. Following is the sheriff's letter:

Terre Haute, Feb. 27.—(Hon. Winfield T. Durbin, Governor of Indiana, Indianapolis.)—Your Excellency:—In compliance with your request I beg leave to herewith submit to you a statement of all the facts in the case relating to the lynching by a mob of the colored man, George Ward, confined in the county jail charged with murdering one, Ida Finkelstein. On last Monday evening, February 25, at about 7:15 o'clock, I received a call to come to police headquarters. Upon my arrival there I was informed by Superintendent Hyland that he had just received a telephone message informing him that some young lady had been assaulted and probably murdered in Lost Creek township about four miles east of this city on the national road. He informed me that he had despatched Detective Dwyer and Sergeant Welch to the scene and was awaiting a report from them. Shortly after 8 o'clock the officers sent word to headquarters that a young lady school teacher, named Miss Ida Finkelstein, 19 years of age, boarding with Mr. Blumberg, of this city, and employed as a teacher at the Elm Grove school in Lost Creek township, had been assaulted by an unknown colored man in the woods north of the nation-

al road; that he had cut her throat and shot her with a shot gun in the back of the head. I immediately sent word to Mr. Baker, in West Terre Haute, who has blood hounds, and in company with two officers detailed by Superintendent Hyland, I sent them to the scene of the crime. Near midnight they returned, not having been able to get a clue.

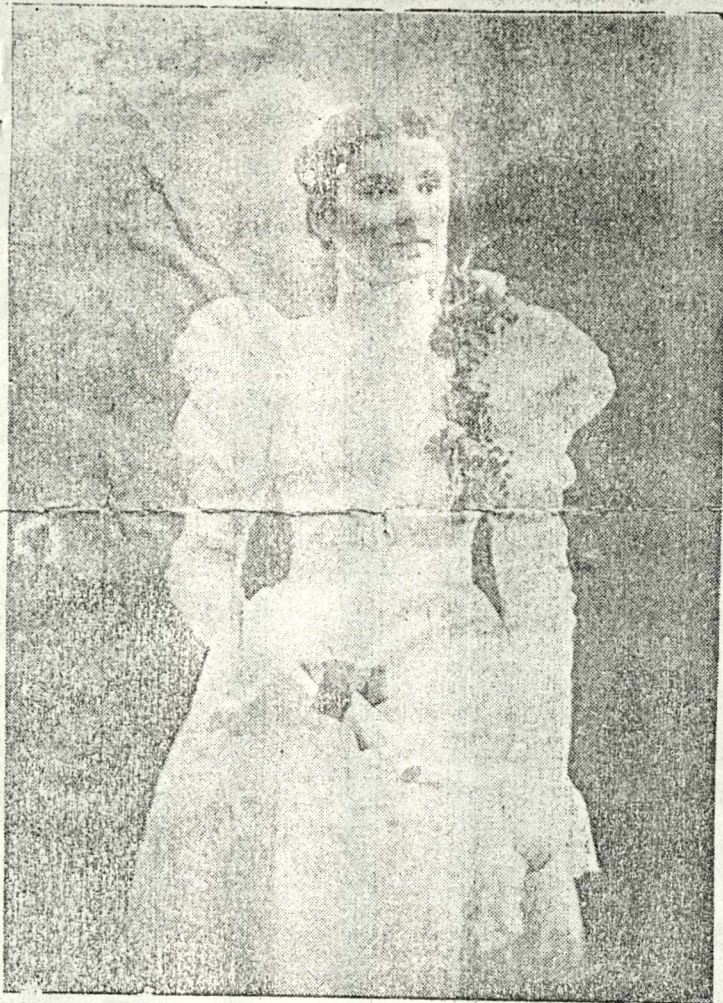
At 11:30 p. m. word was telephoned from the hospital that Miss Finkelstein had just died of her injuries. During the night several suspects were brought in, but being able to give a clear account of themselves, they were not held. I remained at police headquarters all night rendering every assistance in my power to capture the guilty party. Superintendent Hyland, as well as most of his day force, remained up all night scouring the city for information which might lead to the arrest of the murderer. I went to breakfast early in the morning and returning met Detective Dwyer near the police station who informed me that a clew had just been obtained which he thought would lead to the arrest of the guilty party. We talked the matter over concerning the safety of the prisoner after his arrest as the people were thoroughly wrought up over the crime. At this point Judge Piety, of the Circuit court, happened along and I informed him that within a few hours it was expected that the negro would be under arrest, and I suggested that he be taken to Indianapolis for safe keeping. To this the Judge assented and promised every assistance at his command. About 10 o'clock, Captain Lyons and Detective Dwyer arrived at the station with George Ward in custody. They had arrested him at the Terre Haute Car Works and upon searching him found a knife in his pocket, one blade freshly broken out. The lady had told the officers the night before that in her scuffle with the negro the knife blade was broken. In addition to this piece of evidence a Mr. John Scott had identified the negro as the man who had ridden into the city on Monday evening at 6:10 dressed in a hunter's suit and carrying a double barrel shot gun. After nearly an hour of questioning the negro finally broke down and confessed to Superintendent Hyland, Detective Dwyer and myself, giving every detail of the crime. Within fifteen minutes after the arrival of the officers at the station with the prisoner the city building was filled with people. In the police station there was hardly standing room. We got the negro out of the superintendent's private office and got him to an upstairs room over the station unobserved. Finally this became known, and every door and avenue of escape was guarded to keep us from getting the prisoner out. At about 11 o'clock seeing that things were beginning to look desperate, I had a conference with the officers and determined to get the prisoner to the county jail where I had every reason to feel that he would be safe until afternoon when I intended to take him to Indianapolis. Superintendent Hyland and myself went downstairs and ar-

ranged matters to have the negro rushed through the crowd and to the jail. The patrol wagon was gotten read and sent up the alley behind the police station. Everything in readiness the signal was given, and surrounded by officers we succeeded in breaking through the lines to the patrol wagon and drove to the jail as fast as the team could travel. Here several hundred people had congregated but upon our arrival we hurriedly got the prisoner into the jail before they could

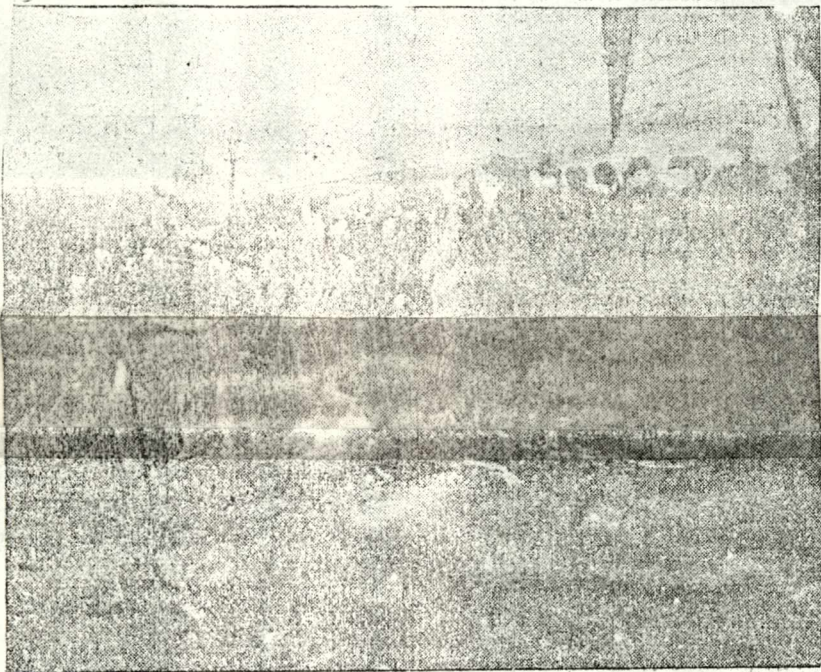
interfere. I had already sent every deputy that I could spare to the jail and had sworn in five extra deputies and sent them down. I was called from the jail to Judge Piety's office in the court house where I had a conference with the prosecuting attorney and Judge Piety and it was agreed that I should take the prisoner to Indianapolis on the 12:59 p. m. train. I then called Superintendent Hyland and Detective Dwyer to my office and informed them of the steps agreed upon. Superintendent Hyland immediately sent out orders for the night force to report for duty at once to me. At this time (11:45) I received a telephone message from the jailer stating that an assault was being made upon the jail. Hyland and myself hurriedly went to the jail where we finally succeeded in restoring order. It now being past 12 o'clock, and fully believing that the danger limit had been passed until evening I returned to my office and concluded arrangements for the trip to Indianapolis. Mr. Messick, my chief deputy, informed me from the jail that he thought all danger was past. I was just in the act of leaving my office when I was called to the telephone to talk with your Excellency. Acting upon your instructions I at once sent a message to the residence of Captain Thomas and informed him of our talk. At this point a man rushed into my office and informed me that the mob had broken into the jail and secured the prisoner and then were on the way to the wagon bridge to hang him. I went as quickly as possible and found the story true. After breaking into the jail the mob immediately took charge of the telephone. They broke in the main doors of the jail with a car beam. After gaining entrance to the jail proper, they forced the keys of the steel cage from the jailer. There was confined in the jail three other negroes besides the negro Ward, and the jailer feared they would get the wrong man and begged the mob to be allowed to go up with them to protect those men. Every possible resistance at our command was made. The mob was infuriated and excited to the highest pitch. Several policemen were injured by the mob as well as three of my deputies. It seemed that the mob started for the jail about 12:20 p. m. and in less than ten minutes had gained access to the jail and secured the prisoner. Before the police received your telephone order to place themselves at my command this had already been done by Superintendent Hyland. They rendered me every assistance in their power, but we were helpless before this mob. Within less

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MISS IDA FINKELSTEIN.



THE SCENE OF THE BURNING.

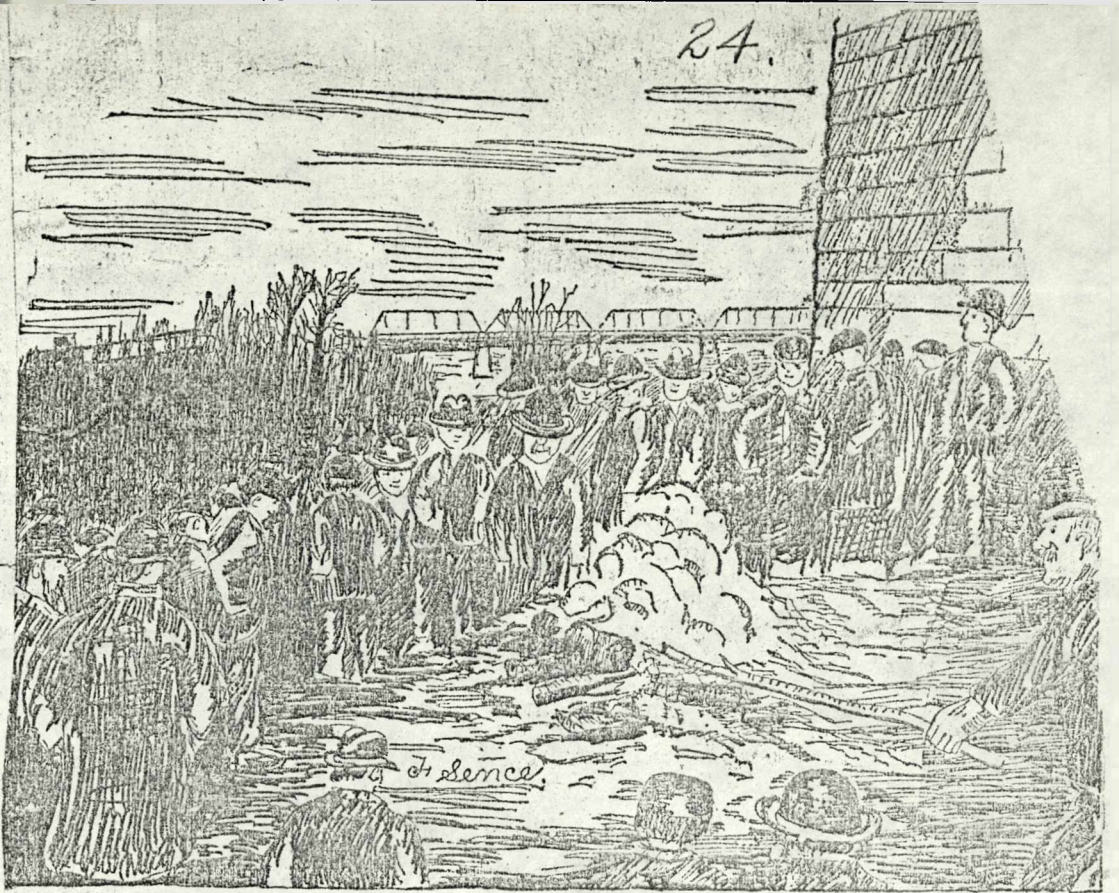


ELM GROVE SCHOOL HOUSE, where Miss Ida Finkelstein taught. The school is situated just east of Vaughans on Maple Avenue, northeast of Country Club.

At the little school house everything indicated a neat order-loving woman. When a Gazette artist visited it the windows were fitted with clean white sash curtains and the green blinds were drawn down to the middle of the window. On the murdered teacher's desk the little alarm clock had stopped at 2:10, which was probably yesterday afternoon. As a mute

evidence of her trust and confidence in her pupils Miss Finkelstein had left a large red apple on the desk. Her school was small, probably eight or ten pupils only and the neighbors round about testify that she cared for them as a mother. But two weeks remained of her school. Miss Finkelstein stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Vaughn when the weather was bad. Thinking she could stay at his house Mon-

day night Mr. Vaughn came to town for fresh meat and met Ward at about 3 o'clock. Ward inquired about the bridge crossing and was told where it was. Mr. Vaughn recrossed the bridge at about 5 o'clock while Miss Finkelstein was still lying behind the trees and briars. She heard him cross the bridge but kept quiet thinking it was the negro. Locks of hair were left on the briars.

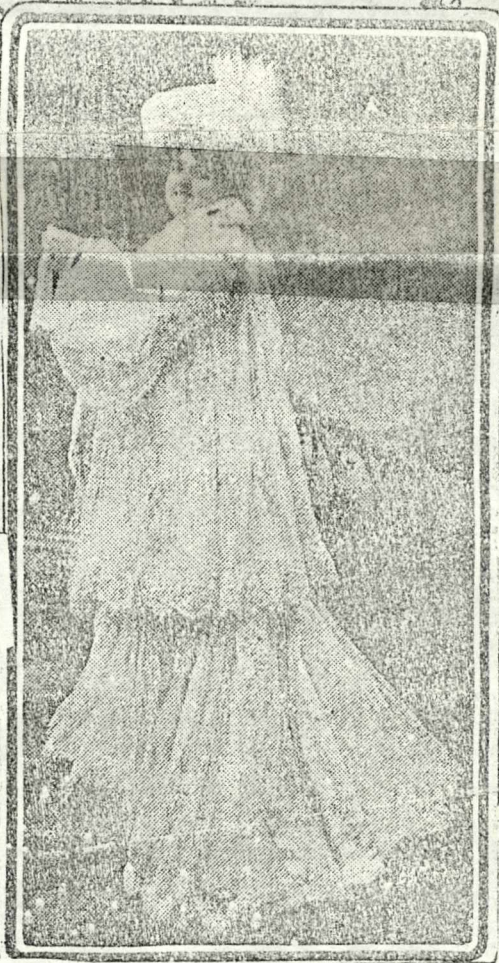


THE FRENZIED MOB BURNING THE LIFELESS BODY OF WARD.

THE GROCERY MAN'S WAIL.
(Written by a Terre Haute Lady.)
You may think life is one long dream,
As you go floating down its stream;
Well dear in a way I suppose this is true
Just here let me a little advice give to you,
Don't ever, oh never work in a grocery store
For if you do the awakening will make you sore.
There you learn the people's many ugly ways.
There's the woman from whom an angel could never get praise;
There's the woman whose nose goes up in the air
If she sees but a speck on peach or pear,
There's the woman who quarrels for the pleasure it gives her,
Her words often make even the grocery-man shiver.

There's the woman who always 'phones just at noon
And then wants her order right away, soon!
There's the woman who thinks it a bureau of accommodation
And asks you for everything from pins to a lecture from Mrs. Nation.
Oh the lovely, lovely grocery-store
With its hustle and bustle and rush and roar
'Tis there a man gets all the excitement he wants
Yes, and plenty for his family including uncles and aunts.
That "Life is a drama" is a saying old and true,

The grocery-man's parts I shall now tell to you
First he plays the accommodating order clerk
You'd think him a jackanapes with his bow, smile and smirk.
Then he must play the society man
And be able to tell all about the wedding of Jack and Nan.
Then he must take the part of district messenger boy
And pretend running errands gives eternal joy.
But never, or never, lest he should die
Ask a grocery-man to tell a lie.
L. L.



MISS MARIE CAT'ELL
AS "NANCY BROWN."

Crime + Criminals (T.H.)

Historically

TS FEB 27 1977

Speaking

Community Affairs File

By DOROTHY J. CLARK



One of the darkest chapters in Terre Haute's history began Monday evening, Feb. 25, 1901, with the murder of Miss Ida Finklestein, a young school teacher.

The twenty-year-old woman was walking from her rural Elm Grove School to the interurban line about five o'clock through a lonely area north of the Terre Haute golf club house when a black man, later identified as George Ward, aged 27, an employee of the car works, shot her in the back of the head and cut her throat, breaking the knife off in the wound.

Bleeding profusely, she somehow managed to walk about half a mile to the nearest house located on the National Road where she described her assailant and scribbled a dying message to her mother in Chicago. A doctor and an ambulance were summoned to take her to Union Hospital where she died a few hours later.

Readers must realize that 76 years ago police procedures were much different than they are today. Communication was much slower, but John Q. Public was much more helpful and ready to be involved. Information came pouring in to Sheriff Fasig, and by the next morning, Ward was apprehended and taken to police headquarters.

A neighbor who lived near 16th and Spruce told of seeing Ward leave his home dressed in hunting clothes, tan leggings, and hob-nailed shoes, matching the description given by the dying woman. Detectives checked with his boss, and Ward had "laid off" work that day.

Street car employees "eyeballed" the suspect and positively identified him. A pocket knife with one blade broken off was found on his person. A patrolman found his shot gun and the blood-stained hunting suit during a search of his home.

Word of the murder and the capture of the alleged murderer spread through the town like wildfire, and feeling ran high. As soon as he confessed the crime, he was rushed to the jail in the paddy-wagon under heavy guard, arriving only minutes ahead of the crowd of several hundred people.

The crowd hissed and hooted and cried "kill him" and "take him out and hang him." Two men, both described as "cripples on

crutches" agitated the growing crowd. And here the newspaper accounts become confusing.

One account tells of the police efforts to disperse the crowds, but others felt officials waited too long to take action. They felt law officers should have barricaded the streets and kept the crowd from getting too close to the jail where they soon got out of hand. It's always easier to say what should have been done after the trouble is over. Wiring the Governor to send help was correct procedure, but hardly practicable under the circumstances.

By noon the crowd outside the jail numbered several hundred men, women and boys. They battered the jail doors, but were driven back by Jailer Lawrence O'Donnell who fired a shotgun over the mob's head. It stopped the crowd momentarily, but it also injured Deputy Sheriffs Cooper, Messick and LeForge who were struck by scattering shot. Another detail of police arrived, but the crowd kept

growing, excitement increased, and at 12:35 p.m., the jail doors were battered down with a piece of railroad timber 25 feet long, eight inches thick, and capped with metal on both ends.

The keys were taken and the cell room entered. Ward was dragged out fighting for his life, but a blow from a heavy hammer felled him after he had knocked down two of his attackers. A noose was quickly adjusted around his neck and the mob started toward the Wabash river bridge.

The mob fought with each other to get close enough to hit or kick the prisoner. No one bothered to conceal his or her identity, and since it was broad daylight, there was no difficulty in seeing who were taking part in the lynching party.

The unconscious (or dead) man was dragged face down to the drawbridge. Many were of the opinion he was already dead, but the hanging by the lynch mob proceeded. The rope was thrown over one of the upper beams and the body was drawn up. To excite the crowd even more, the body was swung back and forth at the end of the rope for their macabre enjoyment.

But still the mob was not satisfied. Some one suggested burning the body, and a fire was started on the river bank just south of the west end of

the bridge. The rope was cut and the body dropped on the fire. Turpentine, kerosene and other oils were thrown on the fire, and the body began to burn and char.

More and more people came to watch the awful spectacle of a human body being burned. The west end of the drawbridge was barricaded, but thousands of men, women and children congregated on the east bank and the east side

of the draw. It was alleged that the draw span sank several inches due to the weight of the immense crowd.

One news reporter wrote of the "blood curdling savagery." He described the "passion inflamed mob" rending the remains of the negro and fighting for the grisly souvenirs as past belief. Pieces of clothing, bones, pieces of the hanging rope, even nails from his shoes were eagerly snatched up as souvenirs. Some were later traded in local saloons for money or booze, some were treasured as family keepsakes and are still to be found in many homes in the area.

Funeral services for the murder victim were held at the home of her uncle, Meyer Levin, the morning of Feb. 27. Some 500 persons attended the services conducted by Rabbi Leipsiger. Several of her little pupils attended, and the floral offerings from the community were described in great detail. Interment was in the Jewish Cemetery at the east edge of Highland Lawn.

The widowed mother, a sister and brother, attended the funeral, arriving here from Chicago. Other brothers and sisters were in an orphanage there. The father, Solomon Finklestein, was murdered four years earlier by a miner at Alum Cave in Sullivan county, and the little family was wholly dependent on Miss Finklestein for support.

The theory was expressed that Ward, known to have been a former inmate of an insane asylum, had observed the woman's habits and decided to accost her. When she resisted and turned to run, he shot her in the back of the head, then used the knife. Her handbag was found later at the site, still containing a small amount of money.

These two murders and the circumstances surrounding them are, to this writer, the blackest chapter in local history.

REFERENCE
DO NOT CIRCULATE

Vigo County Public Library

(1901)
FINKLESTEIN, IDA
(VICTIM)
WARD, GEORGE

THE BLACK BRUTE KILLED BY A MOB.

George Ward, the Murderer of Miss Ida Finklestein Was Taken From the Jail Shortly After Noon and Swung to the Wagon Bridge.

A DETAILED STORY OF THE FIEND'S AWFUL CRIME.

Miss Finkelstein, Who Was a Teacher in a Country School, Was Robbed, Then Murdered a Short Distance East of the Golf Links Monday Evening--She Was Shot as She Attempted to Run and Her Throat Cut.

Miss Ida Finkelstein, a young school teacher who lived with Max Blumberg's family at 219 south Fifth street, was cruelly murdered last evening about 5 o'clock in a lonely spot north of the Terre Haute golf club house. Her assailant was a negro brute who after taking her valuables shot her in the back of the head with a shotgun and then cut her throat with a pocketknife. Leaving the girl dead as he supposed the negro boarded a street car and came to the city.

Miss Finkelstein, though mortally wounded and growing weaker each minute from loss of blood, was able to walk to a house probably a half mile distant where after writing a description of her assailant she fell unconscious in the doorway. She was removed to the Union hospital where she died last night at 11:25 o'clock.

The foul crime was committed close to 5 o'clock, but it was fully an hour later before the details reached the authorities. Sheriff Fasig and his deputies and the police force acted together and effort was made to prevent the murderer from leaving the city.

MURDERER CAUGHT BY POLICE TODAY.

Proves to Be George Ward Who
Has Been in Insane
Asylum.

hundred people was at the station when they arrived. Several attempts were made to drive the people out of the building, but with poor success.

When Ward was brought in the crowd hissed and hooted and there were loud cries of "Kill him," "take him out and hang him." It was a critical moment, but the officers got into the chief's private room without interference and the crowd was quieted to some extent by the report that the police were not certain they had the right man.

The second positive identification of Ward was made by Herman Vaughn, who had talked to the negro an hour or two before the tragedy. Vaughn was at police headquarters when Ward came in and identified the suspect without a moment's hesitation. This information was suppressed from the crowd and the trembling prisoner was rushed into the gymnasium and then into the bed room upstairs. This move fooled the excited spectators who imagined the prisoner was being marched to the jail and they rushed in all haste in that direction.

PRISONER CONFESSES.

The police left the prisoner alone with Sheriff Fasig who upon assuring him protection persuaded him to confess. His confession which he subsequently repeated to several of the police officers was in substance as follows:

"I boarded an east Main street car at Nineteenth street about 2:30 and got off at the east end of the fair grounds. I walked north through the woods until I came to a camp fire near the railroad tracks. I talked there awhile with a tramp and later met two men who were hunting. I met the girl about 5 o'clock. She was walking south and was about 40 rods south of the railroad. I was behind her and she turned around and said, 'Don't walk behind me; if you are going my way walk in front of me.' She stopped and as I started to walk past her she called me a dirty nigger and slugged me in

DYING STATEMENT.

After being shot and cut across the throat Miss Finkelstein lay on the ground until her assailant was out of sight and then walked to the home of Walter Nicholson on the National road, east of the golf links. She was suffering terribly but was able to scribble a few lines on a piece of paper, telling of the tragedy.

Dr. Weinstein and the police were summoned in answer to questions the wounded girl wrote the following:

"A colored man murdered me. Dear mother, Chicago. The knife is in my throat. He said nothing. I told him he could have the money. He was dressed like a hunter. Ida Finkelstein."

Detective Dwyer asked if the negro attempted to take any liberties with her person and she replied in writing, "No, robbery."

The story she was able to tell was that the negro stopped her and demanded her money. She handed him her purse containing a few dollars and he then reached his hand into his pocket. Miss Finkelstein, thinking he was getting a knife started to run and the brute shot her. When she fell he bent over her and cut her throat. The girl lay on the ground until she could not hear her assailant's footsteps and then arose and walked to Nicholson's house.

REWARD OFFERED.

As soon as he learned of the horrible crime Sheriff Fasig, acting on his own responsibility, offered a reward of \$100 for the capture of the murderer.

DID NOT ATTEMPT RAPE.

The physicians who attended the injured girl say no attempt was made to outrage her person. Her death was not looked for when she was brought to the hospital, but it was soon discovered that the windpipe was completely severed and with the broken blade of the knife sunk into her neck all hope of recovery was abandoned.

minutes of the time when the mob reached the bridge with the victim the people began to assemble in ever increasing numbers. When the body was taken down to be carried to the fire the bridge west of the draw was barricaded and the crowd was stopped there but the east bank of the river and the bridge on the city side of the draw was crowded with thousands of men, women and children, gazing at the awful spectacle of a human body being consumed in vengeful flames.

In all that crowd not one word of sympathy for the poor wretch was to be heard, though many deprecated the final act of burning.

Ex-Jailer Wm. Smith was in the jail when the front doors were forced open and says as many as could get in rushed into the office. Jaffer O'Donnell was overpowered and his keys taken away from him and he was forced to accompany two of the leaders to Ward's cell upstairs in the north wing. While they were unlocking the door of his cell, the crowd in the office battered down the door leading to the apartment where the prisoner was confined. The two men were coming downstairs with Ward just as the door was burst open. When Ward was brought into the office he was assailed on all sides, being knocked down and kicked on the face and head. He made a fierce fight and knocked two men down as he was being dragged down the steps outside of the jail. The crowd started west on Ohio street towards the river with the prisoner. Arriving there they started south, but turned about and marched north to the bridge. All this time the rope was around Ward's neck and he was dead before he reached the bridge.

A piece of railroad timber 25 feet long and about 8 inches thick with a piece of iron at either end was used as a battering ram in breaking into the jail.

WIRED TO COMPANY B.

At 12:20 o'clock after Sheriff Fasig

MURDERER CAUGHT BY POLICE TODAY.

Proves to Be George Ward Who
Has Been in Insane
Asylum.

Scores of negro suspects were arrested last night, but they succeeded in proving alibis and were released. Blood hounds were also taken to the scene of the crime, but failed to discover anything of importance. The police officers and the sheriff were up all night and early this morning secured their first reliable clue which led to the arrest of George Ward, aged 27, an employe of the car works. The negro was arrested while at work and though he absolutely denied all knowledge of the crime at first he subsequently made a full confession of his guilt.

THE FIRST REAL CLUE.

At 7:20 this morning a colored man who lives in the vicinity of Ward's house at Sixteenth and Spruce streets came to police headquarters and sought an interview with Captain Lyons and Detective Dwyer. He said he believed he could put the officers on the track of the murderer. The story he told was that Ward left home yesterday morning to go hunting. He took his shot gun along and wore a hunting jacket, tan leggings and hob-nailed shoes which tallied exactly with the description given by Miss Finklestein before she lost consciousness. Ward told his family he was going hunting in the river bottoms and remained away until 6:20 in the evening. When he returned he said he had been north of the city. The police informant talked with Ward and noticed that his left thumb was bandaged. Upon being asked about it he said he hurt himself while climbing over a barb wire fence. Learning that Ward was employed at the car works Detective Dwyer and Captain Lyons proceeded there at once with John Scott, a street car employe, who rode on the same car with the murderer last evening. Manager Cox said Ward laid off yesterday, giving as an excuse that he had to attend a court trial. The officers concluded not to go to the foundry where Ward was working, but had the foreman send him to the office with a wheel on the pretext that Mr. Cox wanted to examine it. Ward approached the office apparently without a thought of danger and when he was about ten feet away Scott looking at him out of the window said, "That's the man; I am sure of it."

PLACED UNDER ARREST.

Ward trembled like a leaf when confronted by the officers, but put on a bold front and asserted his innocence. He denied he was away from home all yesterday and said he was not near the golf links.

To avoid attracting attention the officers marched their prisoner up town through alleys. They took him over to Seventh and Crawford, then south to Deming then to the alley between Fourth and Fifth and from there to headquarters.

The news of the capture preceded the officers and a crowd numbering several

came to a camp fire near the railroad tracks. I talked there awhile with a tramp and later met two men who were hunting. I met the girl about 5 o'clock. She was walking south and was about 40 rods south of the railroad. I was behind her and she turned around and said, 'Don't walk behind me; if you are going my way walk in front of me.' She stopped and as I started to walk past her she called me a dirty nigger and slapped me in the face. Then she started to run and I raised my shot gun and fired. She was about ten or twelve feet away and fell as soon as I shot. She fell on her face and I got on her back and cut her throat with my knife. The blade broke and stuck in her neck when I tried to draw it out. I did not rob her or attempt to commit rape."

When first arrested Ward said he generally carried a knife, but left it home this morning. Upon being searched, however, an ordinary sized pocket knife with a black wooden handle was found in his pocket. It contained two blades, one of which was broken off at the base.

As soon as he made his confession Ward was hurried out of the door of the gymnasium and into the police stable. Sheriff Fasig, Detective Dwyer, Captain Lyons and Deputy Sheriff Le Forge walking by his side and keeping the crowd back. Harvey Jones and James Bishop were on the wagon and they drove to the jail with all possible speed, arriving there but a few minutes in advance of the crowd.

FUNERAL TOMORROW.

Miss Finklestein will be buried tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock from the residence of her uncle, Meyer Levin, 1700 south Twelfth street. The dead girl was 20 years old and was a daughter of Solomon Finklestein, who was murdered in Sullivan county by John Kera several years ago.

Miss Finklestein's mother and two brothers and two sisters live in Chicago and two brothers and one sister are in an orphan asylum at Cleveland. Miss Finklestein had been teaching school for about three years.

SHOPPING BAG FOUND.

Captain Beattie and Patrolman Armstrong this morning found the dead girl's shopping bag lying on the ground near where she was assaulted. It contained several dollars in money, a letter directed to her mother in Chicago, a tooth brush, pocket knife, blood stained handkerchief and two school books. The unfortunate girl's checker was found on the ground saturated with blood.

THEORY OF POLICE.

The police believe that Ward made insulting advances to the girl which she resented and think it probable that she struck him in the face.

SHOT GUN FOUND.

Patrolman Clark searched Ward's house and found the shot gun and also the prisoner's hunting suit which was blood-stained in several places.

MOB ENTERED JAIL.

Prisoner Dragged to the Wagon
Bridge and Hanged and His
Body Burned.

Ward lives at the corner of Sixteenth and Spruce streets with his wife and two children. He came to Terre Haute about five years ago from Ohio and was born and raised at Grayson, Carter county, Kentucky.

DID NOT ATTEMPT RAPE.

The physicians who attended the injured girl say no attempt was made to outrage her person. Her death was not looked for when she was brought to the hospital, but it was soon discovered that the windpipe was completely severed and with the broken blade of the knife sunk into her neck all hope of recovery was abandoned.

WARD IS KILLED.

Probably Met His Death From a
Sledge Hammer Blow—Hanged
Then Burned by Mob.

At 12 o'clock the crowd outside the jail, numbering several hundred and including men, women and boys, battered down the iron doors, but were driven back by Jailer Lawrence O'Donnell who fired over the mob's head with a shot gun. Deputy Sheriff's Cooper, Messick and Le Forge were struck by scattering shot and slightly injured, but nobody in the crowd was hurt. A detail of police arrived at the jail and tried to disperse the crowd, but with poor success.

The crowd kept on growing and the excitement increasing and at 12:35 another crowd of irresistible numbers attacked the jail, battered down the outer doors, secured possession of the keys and entered the cell room. The side door was opened by the crowd inside and the others admitted in that way. The cell was quickly opened and Ward was dragged forth. He realized that no mercy could be expected from the mob and he fought with the desperate energy of a beast at bay. He was dragged out to the street, still fighting with all his strength, but a blow from a heavy hammer felled him to the ground. A noose was quickly adjusted to his neck and the mob started with its victim toward the Wabash bridge. The feeble resistance made by the wretched creature after that blow with the hammer was soon quieted by the savage blows. Face downward he was dragged through the street to the bridge. Face downward he was dragged across the rough planking of the driveway to the draw bridge. Many are of the opinion that the fellow was dead before the scene of the hanging was reached. However, the rope was quickly thrown over one of the upper beams and the body was drawn up. It had been swinging in that position when some one suggested burning at the stake as the nearest approach to a proper expiation of the awful crime. The suggestion was adopted unanimously and a fire was quickly kindled on the bank of the river just south of the west end of the bridge. Into the fire the body, bearing no sign of life, was thrown, and fagots were piled upon it.

The stake was omitted. The body was in a horizontal position, the feet protruding at one end and the head at the other. The fire had barely been started when a man arrived with a can of turpentine which was fed to the eager flames. After that combustible oils seemed to flow spontaneously toward the fire and the flames reached high while the body of the wretched murderer was slowly consumed. There was no attempt at disguise on the part of the mob.

er. Arriving there they started south, but turned about and marched north to the bridge. All this time the rope was around Ward's neck and he was dead before he reached the bridge.

A piece of railroad timber 25 feet long and about 8 inches thick with a piece of iron at either end was used as a battering ram in breaking into the jail.

WIRED TO COMPANY B.

At 12:20 o'clock after Sheriff Fasig and his forces had succeeded in thwarting the first attempt to break into jail, Governor Durbin called up the sheriff by long distance telephone and inquired if he needed assistance. Mr. Fasig replied that the situation was threatening and he would be glad to have assistance. Governor Durbin then requested him to notify Captain Thomas, of Co. B to have his company in readiness and await orders and shortly after the lynching Captain Thomas received the following telegram:

Captain J. E. Thomas, Commanding Co. B
First Regiment, I. N. G.

Place your company fully armed and equipped in a position to be immediately ready for duty in response to call from sheriff.

WINFIELD T. DURBIN.

Governor.

POLICEMAN HURT.

Patrolmen Harvey Jones, Luke Leonard and John Brown were on the scene when the lynchers succeeded in forcing entrance to the jail. They tried to keep the mob back but their efforts were entirely unheeded. Patrolman Jones was knocked down and received several severe blows on the hands and body. The other two policemen were also roughly handled.

THE SHERIFF'S PLANS.

Sheriff Fasig, after dispersing the first mob and realizing that another would soon assemble, began making plans to remove the prisoner to Indianapolis for safe keeping. Chief Hyland approved the plan and the Sheriff dispatched his brother-in-law, G. I. Kiser, to procure a carriage and railroad tickets. The intention was to start for the depot at 1 o'clock, but by that time the lynchers had accomplished their purpose.

WHAT STEVE CLARK DID.

Officer Steve Clark was standing near the east end of the bridge. An acquaintance hailed him.

"Was you there, Steve?"

"Yes, I was there."

"What did you do?"

"Did Why nothing. It don't pay to get fresh when you've got the whole town against you."

LEADERS OF THE MOB.

The leaders of the mob were two strangers and nobody seems to know their names. Both were cripples and carried crutches. They were the first to enter the jail after the doors were forced and compelled the jailer to go with them to Ward's cell.

WAS A HOUSEBREAKER.

Shortly before he fell into the hands of the mob the prisoner confided to the jailer that his real name was Robinson. During his five years' residence at Terre Haute, however, he always went under the name of Ward. The report that he was once sent to the insane asylum from here is unfounded, but the police records show that he was arrested on July 29, 1906, by Patrolman Armstrong for breaking in to C. T. Arnold's house in Lost Creek township, just north of the city. He earned a lot of clothing and served thirty days in jail for the crime, being sentenced by Police Judge Hawley on August 5.

(Continued on Fifth Page.)

THE TERRE HAUTE EXPRESS

Weekly Established 1822

TERRE HAUTE, IND., WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 27, 1931

WARD MEETS AWFUL FATE

Murderer of Ida Finkelstein Taken From County Jail by a Mob and Hung From the Main Street Bridge—Remains Then Burned

BODY DRAGGED THROUGH THE STREETS

Lifeless When Rope Was Placed Around the Neck—Blow From a Hammer Killed Ward—Jail Officials Did Their Duty

An infuriated mob avenged the murder of Miss Ida Finkelstein by taking George Ward, colored, the confessed murderer, from the county jail at 12:35 o'clock yesterday afternoon and burning his body on a pile of wood after he was killed by a blow from a sledge hammer.

No sympathy for the fate of the colored man was expressed by members of his own race or by those who witnessed the lynching and cremating, but the inhuman actions of the crowd surrounding the body as it burned was universally condemned by the better class of citizens.

ARREST OF WARD

Detective Wm. Dwyer and Captain Lyons arrested Ward yesterday morning at 8:30 o'clock in the car shops office, where he had been summoned by Lewis Cox, district agent for the American Car and Foundry Company. He refused to confess until taken to police headquarters where he told of how he committed the terrible crime. Sheriff Fasig secured Ward's confession.

The prisoner was taken from police headquarters to the jail about 9:30 o'clock. The patrol wagon was waiting for him in the alley back of the police stables and to avoid trouble he was hurried into the patrol. Patrolman Harvey Jones was ordered to drive at a breakneck speed to the jail. Sheriff Fasig, Deputy Sheriff LaForge, Detective Dwyer, Patrolmen Jones, Cline, Leonard, Dorley and Bishop went with the wagon. Sheriff Fasig sat at the rear of the patrol and as the crowd gained on the wagon at first he checked its speed by ordering the men and boys to stop running. They finally were left behind.

Ward was turned over to Jailer O'Donnell, who placed him in the top tier of cage with two white prisoners. A crowd collected around the jail and threats of lynching were heard on all sides. As Sheriff Fasig walked through the crowd after leaving the building, he requested the men to disperse, but no attention was given to his remarks.

Many men, led by an excitable Terre Haute man, ran to the jail soon after Ward was captured, as it was believed he had been taken there. Most of the men returned a few minutes later to police headquarters to remain until it was known positively Ward was on his way to jail.

BATTERED JAIL DOORS

The number of men collected near the jail increased every minute after the second trip to the building. A number of men more excitable than the others collected at the alley between First and Water streets on Ohio to discuss plans for demanding a surrender of the jail keys. They advanced to the foot of the jail steps, where their courage failed, and they stood there some time discussing the situation. Later a 35-foot freight car beam was secured, supposedly from Parker's foundry, which was located near the jail, and the crowd, shouting as they advanced with the battering-ram, gained courage and made an attack, which resulted in the wooden doors being forced open.

DEFENDED THE PRISONER

Jailer Lawrence O'Donnell decided to

perate character of the besiegers was known to those guarding the jail. Patrolman Harvey Jones had been viciously assaulted while on the front steps for trying to keep an unknown man from stealing his club. He saw the man get a hold upon the club and seized his arm. A cripple, who was supposed to be one of the leaders of the mob, hit Jones a terrific blow across the forearm with his crutch. The arm is now black and blue. The action of the cripple inflamed others and the policeman was thrown down on the stone steps and pushed toward the bottom. A number of revolvers were drawn and an excited fellow with a sledge-hammer made a vicious lunge at him. Jones regained his feet before being seriously injured and explained to those around him that he did not expect to interfere with them until violence was begun.

Patrolman Luke Leonard also had an unpleasant experience with the crowd. Someone suggested that his revolver and club should be taken from him, but he escaped before an attack was made. Patrolmen Dorley Clark and Brown were roughly handled.

After the brief clash with the police the two one-legged men who assumed command of the mob ordered the jailer to open the doors within five minutes. He argued with them for some time, and while the first five-minute order was given at 12:10 o'clock, no further effort was made to batter down the doors until fifteen minutes later. In the meantime Sheriff Fasig was notified of the contemplated attack by telephone. He had given orders that no shots were to be fired unless absolutely necessary, and also told the jailer to be careful about unnecessarily exposing his guards.

When one of the cripples instructed the men standing on either side of the car sill, the end of which was covered with boiler iron, to begin work, they obeyed immediately. Aside from the prisoners, who were frightened until their teeth chattered, there were only eight men and one woman in the jail at the time the first formidable assault started. Those in the jail were: Jailer O'Donnell and his wife, Deputies James LaForge, Capt. Cooper, Ed Messick, Superintendent of the Rock Pile Newman Carrico, Patrolmen Luke Leonard and John Brown and an Express representative.

It was seen that it would be useless to fire upon the crowd as the fire undoubtedly would have been returned, and several lives probably would have been lost. Mrs. O'Donnell showed extreme coolness and presence of mind throughout the attack. As the heavy beam was forced against the iron bars by forty men eager to get at the prisoner the bars were seen to bend each time the beam was forced against them. Mrs. O'Donnell talked calmly to the men as though she were discussing domestic affairs rather than endeavoring to reason with excited and determined men. She explained that the sheriff had left the court house and was on the way to the jail so he would be there in three or four minutes and probably would order the keys turned over to the people. Her efforts to gain time, however, were of no use. The work continued.

A triumphant cheer was given by the leaders and echoed by men gathered

the inner door, which was then battered down while the crowd cheered. As the door gave way one of the cripple leaders and another man rushed through to find their intended victim. He was in a cell on the upper tier of cages and three more colored men were confined in the lower tier. To avoid danger of the wrong man being sacrificed the jailer went with the one-legged man and another member of the mob to the door opening into the corridor for the upper cells.

The colored men, one of whom would have answered the description of Ward, cowered in their cells, fearing the vengeance of the thoroughly excited crowd after its success in storming the jail. The colored prisoners besides Ward were Pearl Green, doing a jail sentence for shooting in Fisher's North Third street saloon; George Rouse, laying out a fine for drunkenness, and Champ Dyre, charged with larceny. Dyre was the one that easily could have been mistaken for Ward if the murderer had not been found first.

Ward had gone to the bath room at the extreme end of the upper tier just before the second door leading to the cages was broken down. O'Donnell seemingly forgetting his name, called to him, saying, "Come here, 'Shiner'." The murderer, shaking like a leaf, obeyed the summons without anyone going after him. Two white men confined in the same tier with Ward, stated yesterday afternoon that the cripple man seized the prisoner as he said to the jailer, "What are you going to do with me?" O'Donnell replied, "I guess they're going to get you."

A second man took hold of Ward, and the two forced him down the steps, kicking him as often as possible while descending the short flight of iron stairs. Most of the crowd did not attempt to pass through the narrow doorway from the main corridor, but were content to wait for the appearance of their comrades with the prisoner.

The colored man was mute and made no attempt to resist the blows and kicks he received. As he was pushed through the door opening into the corridor where the crowd was waiting for him he was placed between two fires, as those behind and in front fought each other to get nearer the prisoner to kick or strike him. To avoid blows in the face Ward bowed his head as he neared the door and someone gave him a powerful fist blow on the neck. Then another slashed the side of the doomed man's neck with a pocket knife.

The lynchers' victim was killed as he was forced down the steps leading from the jail, by a blow from a sledge hammer, supposedly somewhere on the head. His body was held upright after life was extinct and only a few knew that he was dead. When the gutter was reached, the crowd stopped long enough to place a rope around the neck of the lifeless body. Those who did not know Ward was dead suggested drowning him in the Wabash by throwing him into the river and forcing him to keep his head under water. When the river bank was reached the men determined to have revenge for the terrible crime inflicted for something more brutal than death in the water. They suggested that a young tree standing nearby be used for tying Ward and then building a fire around him. Someone discovered that the man was either dead or unconscious and he shouted orders to take him to the wagon bridge where the crowd could hang him. The mob obeyed. Several men holding the rope started to run toward the wagon bridge followed by probably 2,000 people, most of whom took no part in the affair, but were urged on by curiosity.

As the body was pulled along on the ground, with the face down, excited men kicked it and threw rocks which struck all parts of the prostrate form.

A cheer announced that the leaders of the lynching party had reached the wagon bridge, but they did not cease running until they stopped on the draw to throw the corpse from the bridge. A chain on the north side of the draw was broken with a sledge hammer still car-

rying mob element, until a man standing on the draw above shouted that women crossed the bridge and the corpse should not be undressed. No attention was paid to him and he ran to where the chain was fastened on the bridge to pull up the body out of reach of those below. His action was so quick that he won a victory over the more violent men below.

Then a small boy piped out in a shrill voice, "Burn him," probably heard by him while that means of death was being considered before crossing the river. Instantly a dozen voices shouted, "Burn him." Boys ran to a large log south of the draw and began gathering brush and dried weeds to start a fire. The action of the boys determined the action of the men and it seemed that the final and most brutal part of the lynching would not have taken place had it not been for the boys' lead.

After the men determined to burn the body quite a pile of brush was collected and placed on the north side of the log.

The body was cut down and was laid on the brush with the face toward the ground and the feet resting on the log. At first it was difficult to start a blaze large enough to satisfy the crowd. Coal oil was called for and several men went after kerosene, returning with jugs and tin cans filled with oil. This was poured on the wood piled on top of Ward's body. Sparks of flames came from the coal oil and the crowd surrounding the body was forced back.

As the blaze cooked the colored man's flesh to a crisp and slowly consumed the bones, the part of the mob surrounding the fire seemingly became possessed of uncivilized characteristics. The toes of Ward's right foot, which had not been covered by fire, were cut off for mementos. Pocket knives became human butcher knives, and no one seemed to mind it. Women stood on the draw as well as near the fire and watched the men mutilate the body without flinching.

Toes were offered for sale at a dollar apiece, and there was a demand for them, as well as for pieces of bone known to have come from the burning body. After the toes were cut from both the right and left feet it was decided that the right leg below the knee was not burning fast enough. A man standing at the front of the crowd surrounding the fire stepped forward and grasping the leg of the ankle, twisted it loose from the bone and threw the leg near the center of the pile of brush. The joint fell between two pieces of wood and lodged there, exposing the bottom of the foot and showing the toes missing.

Fuel for the fire was brought from the poultry house on the east bank of the river near the wagon bridge, and many chicken coops and barrels from there were carried across the bridge. At first the fire touched principally the trunk of the body but later coal oil was poured on the head, which was split open by a fence rail. The brains were exposed but in spite of that fact and the stench arising from the burning flesh well dressed women insisted upon being given an opportunity to crowd through the men gathered around the fire to get a nearer view of the body.

After the brains were exposed they were scooped from the skull by a fence rail. An ax was used to chip off pieces of the skull. Many pailfuls of oil purchased at a Taylorville grocery were poured on the fire. The money for coal oil was freely given when the empty bucket was passed around.

After both forearms and the legs below the knees were torn from the rest of the body and after most of the brains were taken from the skull, a farmer brought a pitchfork from a load of hay standing on the road and lifted the body so everyone could see it. When this was done a woman standing on the draw fainted and this seemed to have been the only case of fainting known to have occurred from watching the remains burn.

The mob dispersed quietly shortly after 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and what was left of the body, a portion of

know she was on her way to the street car line. Mrs. Vaughan said to her husband that Miss Finkelstein left the house just a few minutes before he arrived, and did not see how he could miss her.

When Miss Finkelstein started to run after the first approach of Ward, she left the path and ran into the woods about seventy-five feet. It was here that Ward cut her with the knife. The thought of assault undoubtedly uppermost in his mind, he was ready to carry out his intentions, when the probable approach of Mr. Vaughan along the path gave him warning that someone was near and frightened him off and he left that part of the grounds for good, fearing someone was after him. The fact of Miss Finkelstein's leaving Vaughan's house a few minutes before Mr. Vaughan's arrival and Mr. Vaughan's passing along the path through the woods at the same time Miss Finkelstein was due, if nothing prevented her, gives the time of the assault at very near 5:30 o'clock.

Mr. Booth stated that if nothing was said no one from the path would be aware of any other person or persons who might be fifty feet away from them. This is because of the density of the forest. The murderer, aware of Vaughan's presence and Miss Finkelstein unable to talk, made it easy for him to keep out of Vaughan's sight.

Deplored by Fasig

Sheriff Fasig said yesterday evening: "I am sorry that this affair has occurred but I am glad that no more than one life was taken. The action of the mob was quicker than I had expected. It was my intention to get Ward out of the city as soon as he had confessed. I had arranged to take the noon train but missed it on account of the arrangements to be made. When the mob began to gather I swore in many deputy sheriffs and soon after consulting with Chief of Police Hyland the night force was called out. After this precaution I went to the jail and talked quietly to many of the men who surrounded the door. They seemed to give attention to what I said, but still I intended to get more protection and take Ward out of the city. I went to the office in the court house and called up Governor Durbine. He instructed me to call on Captain Thomas of the militia for help and a dispatch would follow giving official orders. I immediately called on Captain Thomas and gave him the instructions from the governor, but while I was making these arrangements the mob had taken new life and had broken in the jail. The man was in the street before I reached the scene."

Girl's Funeral Today

Miss Finkelstein will be buried this morning, the funeral taking place at 10 o'clock from the residence of her uncle, Meyer Levin, at 190 South Twelfth street. Mrs. Finkelstein, the mother of Ida, with her two sons, arrived in Terre Haute from Chicago at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

At a meeting held yesterday of the Terre Haute section of the Council of Jewish Women the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased the Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to take from our midst our beloved sister, Ida Finkelstein,

Whereas, In the death of Ida, the council has lost a faithful member and the Sabbath school of Temple Israel a loving teacher,

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the members of the bereaved family, to which she was a most loving and dutiful daughter and sister. Be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of the Council and a copy sent to the bereaved family and the same be published in the city papers.

MRS. L. GOODMAN,
MRS. S. B. FOX,
MISS HELEN ARNOLD,
Committee.

Ward in Jail Before

Ward was shown by the police

men returned a few minutes later to police headquarters to remain until it was known positively Ward was on his way to jail.

BATTERED JAIL DOORS.

The number of men collected near the jail increased every minute after the second trip to the building. A number of men more excitable than the others collected at the alley between First and Water streets on Ohio to discuss plans for demanding a surrender of the jail keys. They advanced to the foot of the jail steps, where their courage failed, and they stood there some time discussing the situation. Later a 36-foot freight car beam was secured, supposedly from Parker's foundry, which was located near the jail, and the crowd, shouting as they advanced with the battering-ram, gained courage and made an attack, which resulted in the wooden doors being forced open.

DEFENDED THE PRISONER.

Jailer Lawrence O'Donnell decided to make an attempt at defending the prisoner, although he had only five men to withstand an onslaught from several hundred determined men. He first one shell from a shotgun, aiming over the heads of those on the front steps. Some of the shots hit the iron bars and, glancing, struck Deputy Sheriff M. J. Jones, but not seriously wounding any of them. Sheriff Fazio was at the court house communicating with Governor Duffin over the long distance telephone when he was notified of the assault. He hurried to the jail and, after entering by a side door, he came out on the front steps to address the crowd and caution it against unlawful actions. The leader of the first mob, Seal, was arrested by Patrolman Dorley, but after being taken to police headquarters he was released upon a promise to stay away from the jail.

CRIPPLES WERE LEADERS.

The short talks by Sheriff Fazio and Deputy Captain Cooper seemed to quiet the crowd for a short time and the sheriff returned to the court house to complete plans for getting the colored man away from Terre Haute. After the first leader was arrested two one-legged men, each using a crutch, assumed command of the men and urged them to take action. They asked the jailer to admit them alone to the jail corridor and promised to give him the right to search the man for firearms or other weapons. The request was refused, for the jailer

it was seen that it would be useless to fire upon the crowd as the fire undoubtedly would have been returned, and several lives probably would have been lost. Mrs. O'Donnell showed extreme coolness and presence of mind throughout the attack. As the heavy beam was forced against the iron bars by forty men eager to get at the prisoner the bars were seen to bend each time the beam was forced against them. Mrs. O'Donnell talked calmly to the men as though she were discussing domestic affairs rather than endeavoring to reason with excited and determined men. She explained that the sheriff had left the court house and was on the way to the jail so he would be there in three or four minutes and probably would order the keys turned over to the people. Her efforts to gain time, however, were of no use. The work continued.

A triumphant cheer was given by the leaders and echoed by men gathered in the jail yard when the lock was broken and the door gave way enough to admit one man at a time. The door was sprung so that it caught at the top and could not be opened further until the battering ram was again used. At last it gave way entirely and the men dropping the beam, rushed into the jail where they met with no serious opposition from officials. There was only one door to force before the crowd gained entrance to the jail's main corridor. The outer door was sprung some time ago and could not be closed by the guards.

DEMANDED THE KEYS.

A demand was made for a surrender of the keys, but it was refused. Jailer O'Donnell gave up the keys of the west side of the jail to admit a crowd that had been standing there an hour to prevent Ward being taken away secretly as was planned by the officers. A key to the outer of the two doors leading to the cells where the colored man was confined was given up when violence was threatened and while this door was being unlocked the jailer endeavored to hide the other keys but was unsuccessful. Many in the mob knew Jailer O'Donnell, it is claimed, and their acquaintance was the only thing that saved him from rough treatment. He did not turn over the key to

something more brutal than death in the water. They suggested that a young tree standing nearby be used for tying Ward and then building a fire around him. Someone discovered that the man was either dead or unconscious and he shouted orders to take him to the wagon bridge where the crowd could hang him. The mob obeyed. Several men holding the rope started to run toward the wagon bridge followed by probably 2,000 people, most of whom took no part in the affair, but were urged on by curiosity.

As the body was pulled along on the ground, with the face down, excited men kicked it and threw rocks which struck all parts of the prostrate form.

A cheer announced that the leaders of the lynching party had reached the wagon bridge, but they did not cease running until they stopped on the draw to throw the corpse from the bridge. A chain on the north side of the draw was broken with a sledge hammer still carried by someone in the crowd. Then one end of the rope was fastened to the chain, and as willing hands raised the bleeding form of Ward it was agreed that instead of dropping him he should be thrown out from the bridge as far as possible. With another cheer the work of the original mob was completed, for the corpse was hurled several feet from the bridge and dropped the length of the rope with a sickening thud.

Those on the bridge could not get a satisfactory view of the swinging corpse and a break was made for the west bank of the river. There most of the people were content to stand a distance and watch the body, but a man ran down the steep bank and began throwing frozen mud at the remains. A half brick thrown at close range by a 16-year-old boy struck the head of the colored man with enough force to turn the body. Another boy started a crowd for a souvenir of the lynching by attempting to tear a piece of clothing from the man who had paid so dearly for his crime.

The souvenir had led to a suggestion from a man that the colored man's clothes be torn from his body. An effort was made to carry out this plan and a coat and "jumper" worn by him when arrested were pulled off. An objection was raised to this but the objection was overruled by the mob.

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The mob dispersed quietly shortly after 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and what was left of the body, a portion of the backbone and other bones, were taken for souvenirs.

Exact Time of Assault.

John Booth, the colored man who lives at the golf grounds, stated at police headquarters yesterday afternoon that Ward undoubtedly committed the crime in an attempted assault. Booth was accustomed to see Miss Finkelstein as she passed in and from the street car track and the school near the woods. On the night of the time the crime was committed Booth was at his home, but a short distance from the scene of the assault. He says that he did not hear any shot in the vicinity, and said he would not have paid much attention to it if he had heard it, as there have been many hunters in that vicinity during the past few days.

John Vaughan, who lives near the Vanderburgh docks between the club house and the school house, was a passenger on the street line car Monday night that left Terre Haute at 5 o'clock. The car arrived at its destination at about 5:15. He got off the car and walked towards his home on the path that leads to the club house, the same one used by Miss Finkelstein. He saw no one on the path between the street car line and his home. When he arrived at his home and went into the house, his wife asked him if he had seen anything or had met Miss Finkelstein on the way. Mr. Vaughan said he had not met her and did not

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MRS. L. GOODMAN,
MRS. S. B. FOX,
MISS HELEN ARNOLD,
Committee.

Ward in Jail Before

Ward was known by the police, having once served a thirty-day sentence in the jail from which he was taken to his death yesterday. On the fourth of July, 1899, Ward entered the house of C. F. Arnold, who lives on the North Thirteenth street road near the Lost Creek bridge, by cutting the window screen. His motive was robbery, and he took a large amount of clothing, such as dresses, waists and other wearing apparel, mostly belonging to Mrs. Arnold. Nothing was found of the stolen goods until later in the month, when Mrs. Arnold in hiding to the city saw a colored woman wearing her mother-in-law's dress. She followed the woman and found out where the latter lived. Mrs. Arnold then called a policeman and had the house searched and all of the stolen property was found. That day, July 29th, Ward was arrested for the crime. He was found guilty and was sentenced to thirty days in jail and fined \$25.

Mrs. Ward Talks

Mrs. Ruth Ward, wife of Ward, gave a statement yesterday after the lynching:

"My maiden name was Ruth Roberts. I was married to George Ward in this city three years ago last December. We have two children, a boy, aged 3 years, and a girl baby of 8 months.

"My husband came here about five years ago from Chillicothe, O., and prior to that he lived in Kentucky. He was

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WARD MEETS AWFUL FATE

(Continued from First Page.)

never in the insane asylum that I know of, but was once arrested for larceny. He has been complaining of a headache lately, but otherwise seemed to be in good health.

"When I read the story of the crime and heard that the man suspected wore a hunting suit I became uneasy and came down town. I learned of my husband's arrest on the street, but did not go to the jail, and he was dead before I learned that the mob had taken him out.

"When he left home yesterday afternoon he told me he was going hunting. He acted as usual when he came home, ate a hearty supper and went to bed early. He said nothing about having any trouble with any one."

Conductor Kaiser's Passenger

Beyond a doubt Ward came into the city Monday after committing the murder on the 6 o'clock car, which was in charge of Conductor Kaiser. Conductor Geckler, who was also on the car but off duty, remembers Ward very well, and was the first man to aid the officers by giving a description of him. Kaiser said yesterday, when interviewed regarding Ward:

"I was in such pain from the burns on my hand that I scarcely remember any of the passengers. I remember, however, that while collecting fares as we were passing the Hulman farm the car slowed up and I looked out to see what was the matter, as we were between stopping places, and I saw a man get on and then gave the signal for the car to start. I remember taking up his fare, but do not remember what kind of money he offered. I do not know whether he had a pocketbook or not. He stood on the back platform and as well as I remember was of medium height and his face was rather thin than otherwise. I think there were four men on the platform, Conductor Geckler, the negro, a Seelyville miner who lives in the city and whose name I do not know. I knew Miss Finkelstein, as she went to her school every morning on my car. On my out trip at 4 o'clock I took Mrs. Nicholson and she got on at the stile at the golf links. I do not know where the negro got off. I made a stop at Eighteenth, Seventeenth, Fourteenth and Thirteenth streets, and when I again noticed the back platform there was no one upon it. So he must have departed at one of the four named streets. When I was relieved at Ninth street I learned of the assault on Miss Finkelstein, and when I 'turned in' at the office Mr. Burke asked me several questions about a negro and I remembered very little about him."

Dr. Weinstein's Statement

Dr. Joseph Weinstein, who was the first physician at the Nicholson home after the tragedy occurred, said yesterday: "As near as I could find out it was close to 5 o'clock when the cutting was done, and she received no medical attention until I arrived about 7:30.

"On examination I found the throat had been cut almost from ear to ear, the knife or razor penetrating the windpipe and severing all but the posterior wall of that organ. The cut started in a downward direction but the knife was drawn upward as it left her throat and just missed the main artery or death would have been instantaneous.

"As the knife did not penetrate the vocal organs she was able to talk. Upon questioning her she said she had been followed and shot with a rifle by a colored man who was of light complexion and tall and was dressed in hunting costume. On her arrival at the Union hospital examination of the back of the head showed a wound evidently made by a shot gun. From the wounds the weapon used could have been either a shot gun loaded with five shot at short range or a choke-bored gun at a longer range, or holding to the rifle theory, a shot cartridge in a 22 bore rifle might have been used, as the wound was about one and one-half inches in diameter, surrounded by smaller ones.

he father had a violent death four years ago, being murdered by a salaried man at Alum Cave.

Identified By Scott

John Scott, an employee of the Interurban line, was on the car which carried Ward into the city from the Hulman farm and also gave an excellent description of him. When Ward was arrested, Scott quickly identified him as the negro who wore the hunting jacket and carried the shotgun.

Grand Jury Investigation

The grand jury is called to meet Monday, March 11th, when the lynching of yesterday will be taken up and fully investigated. It is claimed that a number of prominent citizens will be called to tell what they know.

Near a Pool of Blood

Captain Beattie and Patrolman Armstrong found the shopping bag belonging to the murdered girl at the scene of the assault. It was lying near a big pool of blood and contained several dollars in money, a letter directed to her mother, a tooth brush, pocket knife, blood stained handkerchief and two school books. Her umbrella was found leaning against a tree several yards away from the shopping bag. The gloves were found near the scene of the struggle and were cut in many places, showing that the girl had made a desperate struggle to get the knife from Ward.

Ward's Confession

The confession made by Ward to Sheriff Fmieg, Chief Hyland and Detective Dwyer follows:

"I boarded an East Main street car at Nineteenth street about 2:30 and got off at the east end of the fair grounds. I walked north through the woods until I came to a campfire near the railroad tracks. I talked there awhile with a tramp and later met two men who were hunting. I met the girl about 5 o'clock. She was walking south and was about forty rods south of the railroad. I was behind her and she turned around and said: 'Don't walk behind me; if you are going my way walk in front of me.' She stopped and as I started to walk past her she called me a dirty nigger and slapped me in the face. Then she started to run and I raised my shotgun and fired. She was about ten or twelve feet away and fell as soon as I shot. She fell on her face and I got on her back and cut her throat with my knife. The blade broke and stuck in her neck when I tried to draw it out. I did not rob nor attempt to assault her."

Estimate of Crowd

The crowd surrounding the jail at the time Ward was taken out was estimated at from 1,000 to 5,000, but the former figure is more nearly correct. It seemed that the active work was done by less than a hundred men, under the leadership of either two or three one-legged men. Two crippled men made the demands from the jailer and one of them gave the signal for beginning the final attack on the jail.

HER DAUGHTER'S DEATH

Mrs. Finkelstein Receives Word at Chicago

CHICAGO, Feb. 26.—Mrs. Sarah Finkelstein, mother of Ida Finkelstein, Ward's victim, received the news of her daughter's death early this morning. The news came in a telegram from Superintendent Hyland of the Terre Haute police. Mrs. Finkelstein, accompanied by her son, left for Terre Haute on the early train.

A strange fatality seems to follow the Finkelstein family. The husband and father was murdered by a drunken miner at Hymers, Ind., near Terre Haute, five years ago. Less than four years ago one of the Finkelstein boys was killed by a street car in Terre Haute as he was selling papers on the street.

FORT WAYNE SOLONS

Terre Haute Lynching Discussed By Council

Special to The Express.
FORT WAYNE, Ind., Feb. 26.—At

Ready-Made

These brands of muslin a country for their splendid was

Counting the bother and sheets as nothing, and our saying over what the same q had for by the yard.

81x90-inch Unbleached Defender
90x90-inch Unbleached Defender
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81x90-inch Bleached Dwight A
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Brands at.....

J. LEVERIN
628 MAIN

Have Your
Clothes
Made by

resolution withdrew it, realising that defeat was inevitable. Mr. J. J. Bauer of the Fourth ward, in registering his vote against the resolution, said he gloried in the work of the mob, "and," he said, "had I been there I would have touched the match to the bonfire his body lay on." There are eighteen Democrats and two Republicans in the council, and the resolution, while aimed partly at the lynching, called upon Governor Durbine to consider whether a metropolitan police law, permitting such a crime, would be a betterment of present orderly conditions.

LYNCHING AT SCRANTON, MISS.

Mob Battered Down Jail Doors and Secured Victim

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 26.—A Pickayune special from Scranton, Miss., says: "At 11:15 tonight 100 men, fully armed, caught the sheriff and his deputies, battered down the jail door and, securing John Knox, charged with the murder of Don Davis, hanged him to a tree near the Louisville & Nashville depot. Knox was gritty during all the time he was going from the jail to the tree, and never made a murmur except to say: 'I did not mean to do it.'"

"Knox was a Canadian, a strong drinker and often had trouble through liquor. A month ago he married Mrs. Davis, a widow many years his senior, who ran a boarding house. Yesterday he quarrelled with his wife, and in his anger ran forward with a Springfield rifle in his hand and shot down his 12-year-old stepson, Don Davis, a delicate little fellow."

MURDER COMMITTED AT PARIS, ILL.

Sheriff's posse Now in Pursuit of Tollar

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Feb. 26.—Harry Tollar of Brocton, Ill., quarreled with Charles Boswell today at Paris, and crashed his skull with a brick, causing his death. Tollar afterward succeeded in breaking jail and making his escape. A sheriff's posse is in pursuit.

Forbes Defeated Cody

CHICAGO, Feb. 26.—Clarence Forbes defeated Thomas Cody after ten rounds tonight at Lyons a suburb. There was no attempt at interference by the authorities. This is the first that has taken place in the vicinity of Chicago

inches in diameter, surrounded by smaller ones.

Taken to Greencastle

Rumors were current yesterday when the excitement was at its highest pitch that a mob would be formed in the evening to lynch Harmon, the old man from Brazil, who shot and killed young Reynolds last fall. It was rumored that a large number of Reynold's friends would come to Terre Haute from Brazil to act as leaders. About twenty-five people came from Brazil on the afternoon train yesterday and this fact lent some color to the reports in circulation.

However, Sheriff Fasig was not to be caught napping and sent Harmon, as well as Quincey Foster of Fontanet, who is in jail awaiting a trial, to Greencastle for safe keeping. But a few people knew that the men had been spirited away, and for the present at least there will be no repetition of yesterday's acts.

Free Use of Wires

The police department announce thanks to all the railroad companies for the kindness of allowing the wires of their respective roads to be used for the purpose of warning the officers and sheriffs of adjoining towns and cities to be on the lookout for Ward. It saved the department a large amount of expense and was the quickest way to let it be known that Ward was wanted.

Expressions of Regret

Many expressions of regret are heard on every side from the friends of Miss Finkelstein, and but little pity is expressed for the fiend who met a death which they think he deserved. Great sympathy is felt for the bereaved mother and children, who are deprived of a kind and loving daughter. The blow is all the heavier when it is recalled that

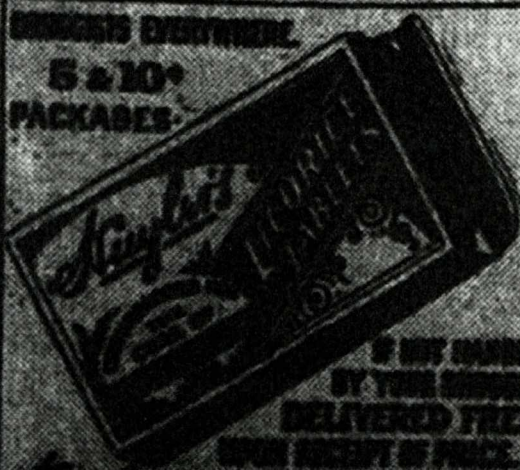
Special to The Express.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., Feb. 28.—At the meeting of the common council tonight a resolution denouncing the Terre Haute mob and condemning the metropolitan police law, under which it occurred, failed to pass. The vote was half-way through, only one vote being the affirmative, when the author of the

Dr. Bull's COUGH SYRUP

cures Hacking Coughs, Sore Lungs, Bronchitis, Grippe, Pneumonia and all severe lung affections. Why then risk consumption, a slow, sure death? Take warning! Act at once! Buy a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, a doctor's prescription, used over 50 years. Price, only 25 cents. Insist on having it. Don't be imposed upon. Refuse the dealer's substitute; it is not as good as Dr. Bull's. Salvation Oil cures Rheumatism, Aches and Pains. 15 & 25 cts.

DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE
5 & 10¢
PACKAGES



no attempt at interference by the authorities. This is the first that has taken place in the vicinity of Chicago since Tattersalls was closed by Mayor Harrison.

Piles of People

testify to the merit of BANNER SALVE in curing piles. It is guaranteed. New Central Pharmacy, southwest corner Sixth and Wabash avenue.

What Shall We Have For Desert?

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it today. Fry Jell-O, a delicious desert. Prepared in two minutes. No baking! add hot water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers, 10 cts.

Many School Children are Sickly

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, break up Colds in 24 hours, cure Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and Destroy Worms. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmstead, LeRoy, N. Y.

In Older Times

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects, and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently overcome habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system. Buy the genuine, made by the California Fig Syrup Company.

If you need a good Calendar, call or send to Joseph Groerer, Printer and Rubber Stamp Maker, 23 South Fifth.

There is always danger in using counterfeits of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. The original is a safe and certain cure for piles. It is a soothing and healing salve for sores and all skin diseases.

MISS IDA FINKELSTEIN.

speedy arrest of the murderer and it is generally felt the officers did all in their power to avert the lynching. As one spectator expressed himself: "The mob gathered armed with revolvers, hammers and hatchets and a whole regiment of regulars could not have protected the prisoner." Probably the negro's life could have been saved if the militia could have been ordered out in time, but the mob acted so quickly that long before the governor could get in communication with the local authorities the prisoner had paid the death penalty for his terrible crime.

CAPTAIN THOMAS' STATEMENT.

Captain J. E. Thomas, commander of Co. B, in discussing yesterday's stirring events said: "The mob gathered so quickly that it was utterly impossible to remove the prisoner to a place of safety. I rather expected an attack would be made on the jail in the afternoon or evening but was entirely unprepared for the rapidity with which the mob spirit spread. I received a message from Governor Durbin about 1 o'clock to have my company



GEORGE WARD, the murderer. This murderer never had a photograph taken, so far as his wife has been able to learn. The Gazette's artist attempted in a great hurry to photograph him in his cell, but the picture did not develop properly; hence this drawing, which is not claimed to be accurate, is given.

readiness to act, but the lynching had taken place before the telegram reached me. It would have taken at least two hours to assemble the company and march to the jail, as the members were at work in various parts of the city. Possibly some of them were among the crowd at the jail. I think Sheriff Fasig displayed excellent judgment after the arrest of the prisoner and did all he could to protect him."

STATEMENT TO GOVERNOR.

Sheriff Fasig this afternoon mailed a lengthy communication to Governor Dur-

bin south First street where with a shout they seized a long and heavy car sill and bore it triumphantly to the jail. It had an iron cap at either end and served as an excellent battering ram. Willing hands were laid upon it and with cries which boded no good for Ward they threw the timber against the storm doors and crushed them into kindling wood. The authorities succeeded in driving the invaders back, however, and after being addressed by the sheriff and chief of police they permitted the authorities to take the battering ram away. It was thrown on the river bank, but was brought back in a short time and used to batter down the iron doors. After the hanging and burning of the prisoner the car sill was carried back to the foundry.

Two rope halters, made of common sea grass, were secured at Joe Chisler's stable, corner of First and Ohio streets, and these were tied together and made to serve as hangman's rope. A piece of chain was torn off the draw of the bridge and utilized by the lynchers for their purpose. The men who procured the halters promised to return them, but they had not counted on the souvenir seekers who began cutting off pieces of the rope as soon as the hanging was over.

TOLD WARD TO PRAY.

When the lynchers gained entrance to Ward's cell they found him cowering in a bath tub with a hammock thrown over his body. He was dragged out without ceremony and one of the leaders remarked: "Hurry up; your time is short and you had better pray for your soul." Ward seemed to realize the horrible fate in store for him and made an attempt to take his own life by beating his head against the iron walls but was prevented.

It is impossible to describe the scenes in the jail when Ward was brought from the cage into the office. The place was packed with men and boys, many of them carrying hammers or knives, and all of them apparently eager to attack the black wretch. The iron railing leading to the cells upstairs was crowded and many men jumped down upon the heads and shoulders of the crowd below. Ward alternately cried for mercy and then in sheer desperation tried to drive the people away as he was being dragged out of the cell and on the body.

As stated by the Gazette yesterday Ward was dead long before he reached the place arranged for his execution. As he was forced down the front steps of the jail he received a heavy blow on the head with a sledge hammer which must have fractured his skull and somebody plunged a knife blade into his face and neck. He was held upright during the march to the bridge and only those who were close to

ways did his work well. He had a very jovial nature and yesterday morning he joked with the boys as they were lined up getting their checks. He had been with us several years."

Mr. Harris, foreman at the foundry, says Ward was unpopular among his fellowmen. He had an unsavory reputation and were constantly twitting him about it. He was a willing worker and when told to do certain work he would always say "yes" but the foreman had to watch him to see that it was done properly.

Mr. Isler, foreman of wheel foundry said: "Ward was a good work man, he was very strong. In his department he was one of two men who pulled an iron buggy. The men always liked to work with him on account of his strength."

DEAD GIRL AS A STUDENT.

A number of Miss Finkelstein's teachers when she attended Normal were seen this morning and they were unanimous in their commendation of her bright unassuming conduct. She first entered the Normal in the winter of '96 and had completed more than half the course at the time she dropped her work so as to begin teaching. A large number of her former class mates are students yet, and they unite in expressing their grief at her awful death.

Elm Grove school in Lost Creek township, where Miss Finkelstein taught, suspended yesterday and today out of respect for the dead teacher.

OTHER PRISONERS REMOVED.

Samuel Harmon, who was brought here from Brazil, last fall to escape lynching was removed to the Greencastle jail yesterday afternoon by Sheriff Fasig who resolved to take no chances on another attack being made on the jail. It was reported that a mob was coming to Greencastle to hang Harmon, but if anything of the kind was planned it failed to materialize.

Quincy Foster, indicted for murdering Harley McDonald, at Fontanet, was also removed to another place for safe keeping.

OLD CRIME RECALLED.

I know of but one worse crime than the cruel murder of Miss Finkelstein occurring in Vigo county," said Attorney A. J. Kelley this morning and that was the horrible fate that befell Rosie Tritt, of Sandford, in 1878. She was brutally outraged by a negro named Sylvester Burham who afterwards set fire to her house and burned her up. The negro disappeared and was never heard of afterwards. I have no doubt he would have been given the same treatment as Ward if he had been arrested."

FASIG REGRETS LYNCHING.

Sheriff Fasig in discussing the hanging of Ward said:

(Continued on Second page.)

AN AWFUL CRIME AND ITS SWIFT, FRIGHTFUL PUNISHMENT.

PRaise FOR THE ALERTNESS OF THE SHERIFF AND POLICE

IN ARRESTING THE MURDERER

Quick Work in Catching Him
After an All Night Hunt in
Town and Country.

SAVAGERY IS CONDEMNED.

Authorities Were Taken Off Their
Guard—Sheriff Will Report
to the Governor.

The lynching of George Ward, the brutal murderer of Miss Ida Finkelstein, was the first instance of mob law that ever occurred in Terre Haute, and it will be many days before the gruesome tragedy ceases to be a fruitful topic of conversation. The murder of Miss Finkelstein was one of the worst crimes ever committed in Vigo county and little or no sympathy is expressed over the death of her slayer though there is universal criticism of the savagery exhibited by the crowd in burning the remains. On all sides is heard praise for the police and sheriff for their

bin, giving full particulars of the events leading up to yesterday's exciting scenes. The sheriff shows that he swore in a large force of deputies immediately after the arrest of the prisoner and used every means at his command to repel the mob. He also states that as soon as he realized the jail would be attacked he took prompt steps to remove Ward to Indianapolis for safety, but the lynchers acted so quickly that he was prevented from carrying out his plans.

WHEN GRAND JURY MEETS.
Judge Piety did not refer to the hanging when he opened court this morning which is accepted as meaning that he will wait until the regular grand jury meets on March 11 before ordering an investigation. The court and prosecuting attorney have their whole time occupied at present in the trial of the Ehrmandale murder case. Prosecutor Deal said this morning that no steps had been taken to bring the lynchers to justice, but he entertained no doubt that the matter would be thoroughly investigated as soon as the grand jury meets.

USED TWO HALTERS.
It became known today where the lynchers secured the heavy timber which they used as a battering ram and the rope with which they strung up the murderer. The heavy iron doors at the front of the jail looked strong and formidable and it was realized they would resist any ordinary attack. After the crowd had been assembled a half hour or longer probably fifty or a hundred men and boys started in the direction of Parker's foundry on

him were aware that he had already paid the penalty for his crime.

When the leaders of the mob emerged from the jail with their trembling captive somebody cried, "Bring Rouse along too and we'll fix him." Rouse is a colored man in jail charged with brutally assaulting a woman of his own color and for a time it was feared the mob in its intense wrath might lynch him also. There were several colored prisoners in the jail and they were in a wild state of alarm fearing that the mob might mistake one of them for Ward.

SCENE FROM THE BRIDGE.
The crowd on the bridge, under it and on the river banks probably numbered 2,000. It was composed almost entirely of men and boys and while a few women saw some of the exciting scenes they witnessed them from the river bank. It cannot be said that the mob was composed of the lawless element as many well-known citizens saw the whole affair from beginning to end. They were attracted by curiosity and took no part in the frightful proceedings. A few reckless spirits assumed the lead and conducted the lynching openly and apparently with no thought of the probable consequences of their actions.

The chain which helps to support the draw of the bridge was torn loose and with the rope was used to swing the already dead negro into space. It was reported this morning that the draw sank several inches after the chain was taken off.

Ward's body was literally burned away and the few pieces of bones not consumed by the flames were carried away as souvenirs of the gruesome occasion. The Gazette has already told how toes of the dead man were cut off and offered for sale at a dollar apiece. Coroner Willis viewed the remains while they were in the flames, but very soon there was nothing left for him to hold an inquest upon. The crowd dispersed early in the evening and the activity of the souvenir bands was such that nothing was left to mark the afternoon's tragedy. The rope halters were cut to pieces and carried off even before the fire was started on the sandbar under the bridge. Similar scenes were witnessed at the execution of John Radcliffe at Paris last fall when there was a wild scramble to obtain a piece of the hangman's rope.

WENT HUNTING.
T. W. Jones, an employe at the car works foundry, was seen this morning and said: "One of Ward's pastimes was hunting. He frequently took a day off for the purpose of hunting. Recently he purchased a double barrel shot gun costing \$23. Yesterday morning shortly before his arrest he came to the coke stove to warm and jokingly I asked if he was the negro who killed Miss Finkelstein. With some hesitation he answered: 'No, I never hunt in that part of the country.' 'You don't' said I. 'If you are the negro that did it I'd hate to be in your shoes.' He turned rather of a copper color and immediately left me, returning to work. He was a good worker. Twice last summer while hunting in the vicinity where the girl was shot I met Ward who was also hunting once within 200 yards of the very spot."

It has been learned that Ward purchased the shells with which his gun was loaded from Ed Tetzal early Monday morning.

JOKED BEFORE HIS ARREST.
Superintendent Cox of the Car works says Ward was always considered a good worker. "I did not know him except by sight," said Mr. Cox, but by hearsay I knew he had a bad reputation, but he always did his work well. He had a very jovial nature and yesterday morning he joked with the boys as they were



MISS IDA FINKELSTEIN.

speedy arrest of the murderer and it is south First street where with a shout

HERZ'S BULLETIN.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., WEDNESDAY, February 27 1901.

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Black or gray velvet with four small chenille streamers and spike ends,—50c.

Fine satin folding with ribbon pompon and six ribbon streamers with spike ends,—new drop-front effect,—\$1.69.

Black velvet belt with velvet lining, chenille streamers and spike ends,—\$1.50.

Belt of gros-grain silk with gros-grain ribbon streamers and black or gilt spike ends,—\$1.50.

Belt of plain satin folding with fancy gilt buckle,—50c.

A similar sort; but wider, and with finer buckle,—\$1.25.

Black velvet belt with gilt buckle,—several styles,—50c.

Belt of black folded satin, new drop front effect, gilt buckle and ends,—\$1.50.

A similar style, but trimmed with steel,—\$1.50.

Belt of wide satin folding with fancy gilt buckle,—\$1.00.

A similar style,—\$1.25.

Black velvet belt with gilt trimming and gilt buckle,—75c.

Belt of combined gray velvet and gilt tinsel banding with four fluffy tapering chenille streamers, a very beautiful creation,—\$2.00.

Belt of fancy 1 1/4 inch belting and gilt buckle,—50c.

Belt of gilt banding with narrow black velvet edging,—chenille pompon and spike trimmed chenille streamers,—\$1.25.

Belt of heavy wide gilt banding with gilt buckle,—75c.

Silver belt with narrow black edging and silver buckle,—75c.

Gilt belt with fancy colored applique trimmings and fine gilt buckle,—\$2.00.

Wide gilt belt with fine applique trimming of Persian silk,—gilt and cameo buckle,—\$3.00.

Belt of heavy gilt belting with gilt and miniature buckle,—\$1.75.

Gilt belt with pretty miniature buckle,—\$1.25.

Silver belt with fancy silver buckle,—\$1.25.

Silver belt with silver and miniature buckle,—\$1.50.

Plain gilt belt with gilt buckle,—50c, 75c and \$1.25.

Belt of gilt banding in new pointed and drop front effect,—gilt buckle,—50c, 75c and \$1.00 each.

Fancy silver belt with silver buckle,—50c.

Narrow silver belt,—new pointed drop front effect,—steel buckle,—\$1.00.

Gilt belt in new pointed drop front effect,—fine buckle,—\$2.00.

Gilt edged patent leather belt with ribbon pompon, five ribbon streamers and spike ends,—50c.

Belt of gilt edge gray suede leather with gilt buckle,—50c.

Patent leather belt with silver braid and silver harness buckle,—\$1.00.

A similar style but trimmed in gilt,—\$1.00.

A similar style but girdle shaped,—\$1.00.

Patent leather belts with silver or gilt edging,—girdle back or plain,—25c.

Black velvet belts with gilt edging,—25c.

There are many other sorts of belts in stock. Many popularly priced kinds, and some more fine varieties.

Some are shown in the west show window.

More inside.

The hands of various persons, names unknown.

PENALTY FOR LYNCHING.
The Indiana legislature two years ago passed an act providing for the suppression of mob violence and defining and providing a penalty for the crime of lynching. The penalty for lynching is death or life imprisonment and persons who assist members of mob are guilty as accessories after the fact and may be imprisoned for from 2 to 21 years. The act provides for prosecutions by the attorney general of the state.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED.
The Terre Haute section of the Council of Jewish Women held a meeting Tuesday and adopted the following resolutions on the death of Miss Finkelstein:

Whereas, It has pleased the Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to take from our midst our beloved sister, Ida Finkelstein.

Whereas, In the death of Ida, the council has lost a faithful member and the Sabbath school of Temple Israel a loving teacher.

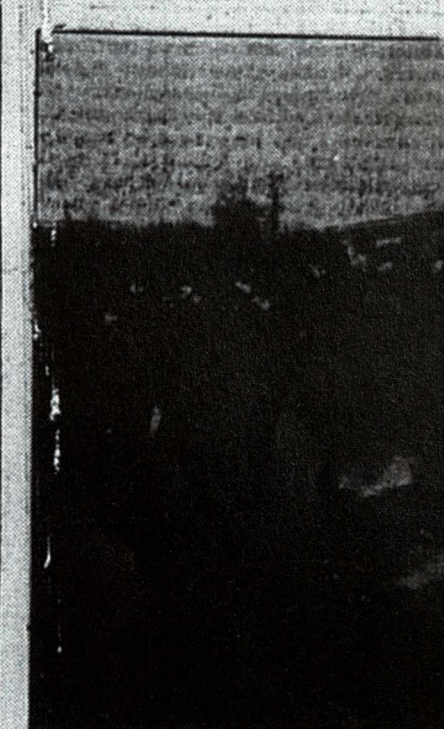
Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the members of the bereaved family, to which she was a most loving and dutiful daughter and sister. Be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be placed upon the records of the Council and a copy sent to the bereaved family and the same be published in the city papers.

MRS. L. GOODMAN,
MRS. S. B. FOX,
MISS HELEN ARNOLD,
Committee.

CONDEMN POLICE LAW.
A special dispatch from Ft. Wayne says:

At the meeting of the common council Tuesday night a resolution denouncing the Terre Haute mob and condemning the metropolitan police law, under which it occurred, failed to pass. The vote was half-way through, only one vote being in the affirmative, when the author of the resolution withdrew it, realizing that defeat was inevitable. Mr. J. J. Bauer, of the Fourth ward, in registering his vote against the resolution, said he gloried in the work of the mob, "and," he said, "had



THE SCENE OF THE

AN AWFUL CRIME.

(Continued from First page.)

"I am sorry that this affair has occurred but I am glad that no more than one life was taken. The action of the mob was quicker than I had expected. It was my intention to get Ward out of the city as soon as he had confessed. I had arranged to take the noon train but missed it on account of the arrangements to be made. When the mob began to gather I swore in many deputy sheriffs and soon after consulting with Chief Hyland the night force was called out. After this pretation I went to the jail and talked quietly to many of the men who

the bridge. He had witnessed the progress of the cremation. His head was midst of a miscellaneous crowd. He bowed in deep thought. A few steps from the bridge brought him into the stopped, looked slowly around at the faces of the sight seers and remarked: "Pears like we aint got no mo' law in dis heah country."

He waited a moment for some sympathetic answer but there was none. So he plodded on shaking his grey head mournfully.

A grey haired man stood for half an hour on the draw bridge looking down at the funeral pyre. At last he sighed heavily and elbowed his way out of the crowd talking as he moved.

"Well, I reckon I'll go home now. They got him and they got him good and plen-

school teacher was cash girl at Herz before the store was moved to its present location. The older clerks in the store who knew her then and since say they are sure she never spoke to Ward and called him a nigger. From a child she was a person who attended strictly to her own business and was always reserved and dignified.

REWARD WILL BE PAID.

A colored man, who lives in the vicinity of where Ward resided at Sixteenth and Spruce streets, will be paid the reward of \$100 offered by Sheriff Fasig. One other man is said to be claiming the reward but Sheriff Fasig says the money will be paid to the colored citizen whose information led to the arrest of Ward. The man's name is not given as the police promised him it would not be made

I been there I would have touched the match to the bonfire his body lay on." There are eighteen Democrats and two Republicans in the council, and the resolution, while aimed partly at the lynching, called upon Governor Durbin to consider whether a metropolitan police law, permitting such a crime, would be a better term at of present orderly conditions.

Chicago Record: Chicago relatives of Ida Finkelstein, who was murdered in Terre Haute, could scarcely believe the

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HOOSIER SOLONS ARE VERY BUSY.

SCOTT'S TEMPERANCE BILL
KILLED; ALSO TRACK
ELEVATION.

HERT WILL BE EXONERATED.

Muncie Normal Bill is as Dead as
a Door Nail.

Indianapolis, Feb. 27.—(Gazette special.)

The House killed the Scott temperance bill. It also killed the track elevation bill.

The Senate favored the majority report on the bill providing that twenty per cent of a man's wages can be garnished. It favored a bill providing that written instructions of a Judge may go into the jury room. It advanced the bill providing that the use of the State's Orphanas home be extended to the children of the Cuban and Philippine veterans.

Hert will be exonerated.

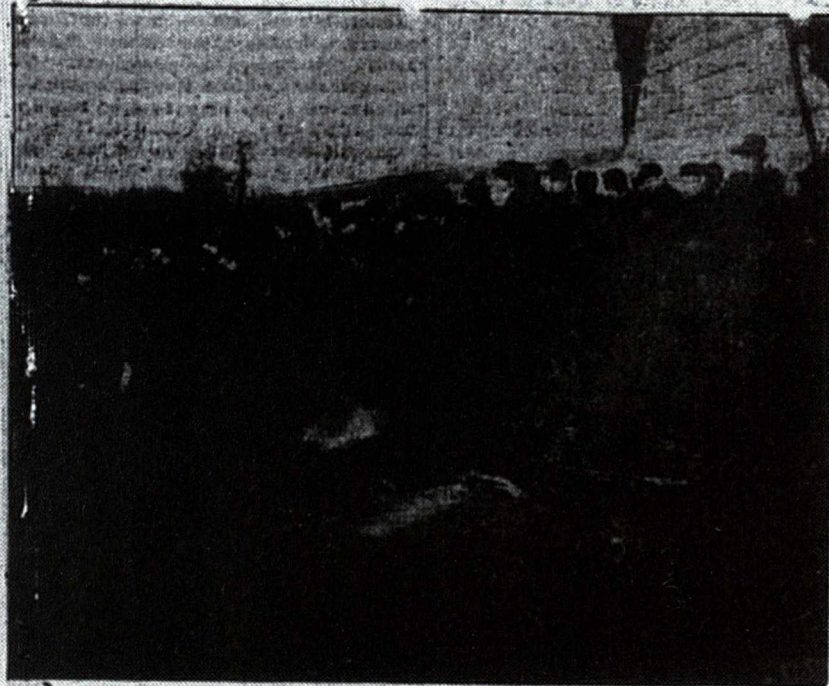
It is expected Anti-lynching bill with its provision for removing sheriffs will now be passed.

LAST OF MUNCIE'S NORMAL.

Mr. Carmichael Gives Up the Fight and Withdraws the Bill.

Shortly before the close of the afternoon session of the House yesterday, Representative Carmichael withdrew house bill No. 492 creating a state normal school at Muncie.

The decision to withdraw the bill was reached at a meeting of the friends of the measure held yesterday afternoon. Representatives Carmichael and Hoppling were present, besides several citizens of Muncie who were anxious to see the bill become a law. The situation was carefully considered, and the con-



THE SCENE OF THE BURNING.

I been there I would have touched the match to the bonfire his body lay on." There are eighteen Democrats and two Republicans in the council, and the resolution, while aimed partly at the lynching, called upon Governor Durbin to consider whether a metropolitan police law, permitting such a crime, would be a better method of present orderly conditions.

Chicago Record: Chicago relatives of Ida Finkelstein, who was murdered in Terre Haute, could scarcely believe the news of the girl's death. They said that since she graduated from the Terre Haute high school three years ago her one aim had been to provide a comfortable home for her mother and to educate her brothers and sisters, six in all.

Prude mingled with grief in telling of the work of Ida. Of her salary of \$42 a month, all but \$5 went to care and provide for the family at 645 W. Fourteenth street. This salary for teaching in the little country school between Brazil and Terre Haute was sent home semi-monthly. Two sisters employed in a department store also helped to support the family.

She was 18 years old, who graduated with high honors from the Terre Haute high school last fall, said:

"Ida intended to come to Chicago this spring to live with us. She was studying stenography and bookkeeping, and expected to secure more wages here than teaching school."

clusion was reached that it would be folly to continue the fight longer.

The bill was introduced in the house by Representative Carmichael and referred to the committee on education, of which Mr. Egan is chairman. A meeting of the committee was called for yesterday afternoon to hear all who desired to speak on the bill, but the decision reached by the friends of the measure to withdraw the bill put an end to the meeting.

In withdrawing the bill yesterday afternoon Mr. Carmichael said: "The proposition to establish a state normal school at Muncie was made in good faith by the citizens of that city. Notwithstanding this fact it met with much unjust criticism. While we believe the bill has a fair chance to pass the house the session has so far advanced that we believe we will not be able to enact it into law. For this reason the friends of the bill have authorized me to withdraw the measure from further consideration of the house."

In speaking of the matter yesterday afternoon after the adjournment of the house, Mr. Carmichael said: "The bill has met with criticisms which were entirely unjust. There is not a newspaper in Indianapolis that spoke a good word for it. The charge was made that it was a scheme for the purpose of increasing the value of the property of a few citizens of Muncie, and nothing was further from the truth. The proposition was made in good faith by the citizens of Muncie."

SENATOR WHITCOMB

VOTE-MACHINE BUILT

USY.

IDA FINKELSTEIN'S FUNERAL TODAY.

BILL SERVICES IMPRESSIVELY CONDUCTED BY RABBI LEIPZIGER.

ATED. FRIENDS APPROVE LYNCHING

Funeral in Charge of the Council of Jewish Women—A Large Attendance.

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The funeral of Miss Ida Finkelstein, the young school teacher, who was so brutally murdered on Monday night was held at No. 100 south Twelfth street.

The services were in charge of Rabbi Emil Leipziger. The pall bearers were: David Silverton, Sam Mueller, Isaac Goodman, Julius Straus, Levi Joseph and Henry Wolf. They were assisted by a committee of ladies of the Council of Jewish women.

The grief of the mother and older brother and sister was beyond description. Kind friends tried to comfort those heads bowed in sorrow, but no words could stem the tide of grief which had swept the unfortunate family before it. The hand which now is scattered to the four winds of the heavens struck the second blow which the family has had to bear, each time taking the bread winner of the little mouths and that of the old mother who must now look to charity for that which this beautiful daughter had been denying herself in order to uphold the proud name of her family.

Now charity stands ready to help the unfortunate, a committee composed of Lee Goodman, Max Joseph and Max Bloomberg have already secured over \$300 to be used to help her grief stricken mother.

When spoken to in regard to the lynching the mother was in a condition which would not justify any publication of her expressions.

It seemed to be the sentiment of all those present at the funeral that the mob was justified in its every action. Some even expressed sorrow at the fact that the negro did not live longer in the hands of the mob. But there is a general satisfaction that no innocent blood was shed.

RABBI LEIPZIGER

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